

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
to my Saviour!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen!

Wonderous love! Wonderous love!
Now the gift I receive!
I have rest in His word;
I believe, I believe!

I am cleansed! I am cleansed!
I am whiter than snow!
He is mighty to save—
This I know, this I know!

I was weak—I am strong
In the power of His might;
And my darkness He's turned
Into light, into light!

There is Hope for You.

Time.—There is a better world, they
say (B.J. 11).

6 Poor sinner, Jesus waits to save,
Come just now.
For you His precious Blood He gave,
Come just now.
He bore the crown of thorns for thee,
And suffered untold agony,
That you from sin might be set free,
Come just now.

Though far in sin you are to-day,
He will save.
And from your God you've gone astray,
He will save.
He's waiting now to take you in,
And cleanse your soul from every sin,
That you a crown of life may win,
Come just now.

Oh, do not further from Him stray,
Come to-day.
For it is folly to delay,
Come to-day.
Oh, come, and do no longer wait,
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then closed will be the mercy-gate,
Come to-day.

H. Kierstead,
Campbellton, N. B.

Some Mother's Child.

A BALLAD FOR SUNDAY NIGHT

Time.—Home, sweet home.

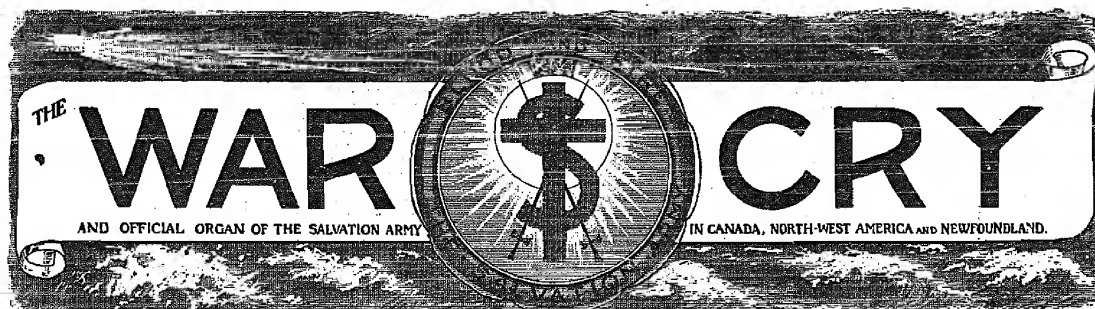
6 At home or away, in the alley or
street,
Whenever I chance in this wide
world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that
is wild,
My heart echoes softly: "Tis some mo-
ther's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long
years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened,
whose spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all de-
fied,
A voice whispers sadly: "It's some mo-
ther's child."

No matter how far from the right she
has strayed,
No matter what lurids dishonor has
made,
No matter what element enkered the
pearl,
Though tarnished and sullied, she is
some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps
have been,
No matter how deep he has sunken in
sin,
No matter how low he has standard of
joy,
Though sully and loathsome, he's some
mother's boy.

That head has been pillowed on some
tender breast,
That form has been wept o'er, those lips
have been pressed,
That soul has been prayed for in tones
sweet and mild,
For her sake deal gently with some mo-
ther's child.



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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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THE BOY WE WANT.

(See article on page 4.)

KERNELS OF TRUTH.

God's disclosures never disappoint.

He that waits on God must wait for Him.

The pleasure of knowledge is the use of knowledge.

We can never really transcend others except to bless them.

Praise without love may be but hatred disguised by selfish policy.

Christianity is the religion that is always common and never vulgar.

Religion has thoughts that are not always accessible to the religions.

We cannot honestly and safely receive the praise of men unless we receive their love.

We shall be more contented with our God if we learn more truly the lesson of our disappointments.

The world is still on the gratification of desire, but does not consider whether its desire should not itself be changed.

Set no limit as to the power Truth may have over others: let God set the limit. No man knows what can be done for a man.

It is God's design, no doubt, that certain things should put our heart out of tune. There are some who have a heart that they keep in tune, but they never play upon it.

Jim's Backsliding.

Jim Cox and Hal Green were close companions, and fought bravely together as Salvation Soldiers.

Jim's spirituality and greater knowledge of God were a source of great help to Hal, who was comparatively a young convert. But for a few weeks past Jim had been very quiet, had not testified at the meetings, and the reason for this change was that he had been resisting God. God had asked for a complete surrender for officership, but Jim had argued, "The coast is not clear; mother objects, so I'll wait awhile."

One night as the two were walking home from a meeting, Hal told Jim that he was going to apply for the work.

"I know it will not be all easy and bright, but God has called, and I must obey."

Jim did not answer for awhile, and when he did his voice was husky. "God bless you, Hal, old boy; be true to God, and pay your vows. I promised God two years ago that I would apply, and I have not done it yet. Remember, Hal, pay your vows now; 'twill be for the best."

"I intend to," was the decided reply; "and you will, too, won't you, Jim?" "I wish I could, I wish I could; but here we are—good-night, Hal!" and Jim Cox hurried on. Arriving at his home he went straight to his room, locked the door, and, taking his Bible, knelt by the bedside, determined to "settle it" one way or the other.

"Fear not, I will keep thee," The beautiful words came like a healing balm to his poor troubled soul.

"Thank God, thank God, I will follow Him!" and Jim bent his head on his Bible and wept. His mother tried hard to make him waver in his decision, but all in vain, and in six months he was sent to another colony as Lieutenant to a corps that was a very "hard go." His mother heard this, and persistently wrote to him trying to discourage him, but he as persistently went to God for strength to go on in the fight. Months passed, and Jim was promoted to a Captaincy, and sent to a corps, with none other than Hal as Lieutenant. The latter was delighted to again be with his old companion.

One day, when the fight seemed particularly hard and discouraging, there came a telegram to the Captain: "Mother dying; come at once!" and in

three days he arrived home to find his mother was not dying, nor had been ill at all. He was so disheartened that he at once sent in his resignation.

Two years passed, and Jim and Hal met again, but under very different circumstances—Jim a backslider, Hal a Captain. He was dealing with Jim in the prayer meeting on Sunday night. Jim's only answer to Hal's pleading was, "It's no use, Hal; it's too late now."

"No, no, Jim; God still waits to pardon the past; come to Him now." "No, not to-night. I'll think about it, and come to-morrow night," and with that he left the barracks.

Alas for that "not to-night"! It never came for Jim, for on Monday morning an accident happened in the mine where he was working, and in trying to rescue his companions he was killed, and the last message he left behind about his soul was that "Not to-night!"—Australian War Cry.

The Native Question IN SOUTH AFRICA

A Stirring Appeal by Commissioner Railton.

What can be done for the native races of South Africa, if the present insane, nigger-baiting policy toward them is continued? The native population of Natal is said to be rapidly increasing, and there is every probability that with the flow of prosperity likely to follow the war, that increase will be even more rapid. But few of the natives learn English, and they must, therefore, be dealt with in their own language; but Zulu is said to be pretty easy to learn.

So great is the love for music that a large crowd of natives is sure to surround any open-air meeting, if even they cannot understand a word, sung or spoken. There cannot, then, be any difficulty in getting them to listen to the Gospel, and I have seen a number of them kneel in the street to seek mercy. From amongst such converts the Army has already raised forces large enough to hold just such meetings in the cities. So long as the "cattle policy" continues, the natives have to be inside their dwellings before nine p.m., which, considering the distance to be covered in widely-laid-out colonial cities, greatly limits the possibilities of evening meetings. Where they are herded in "locations" or "oom pounds," anyone living there with them gets a much better opportunity.

Among the Krais.

With regard to those still living in their kraals, there is almost unbounded opportunity for any European who is willing to go amongst them. For any plan that requires the alteration of the people's entire mode of life, I cannot see much hope, for the reasons already explained, that the kraals will all be gone before there could be the time needed for any such work. But the simple Salvation Army system of carrying the Gospel to the people where they are is the immediate solution of every difficulty, so far as it can be solved. There are the people carrying on a perfectly peaceful life, with polygamy, witchcraft, and superstition, to make it less enjoyable; but with every indication of joyousness, in spite of all the cattle diseases, droughts, and locust and other plagues that have come amongst them.

So long as they remain where they are, the best of opportunities, no doubt, present themselves to reach and win them for Christ. But that opportunity is rapidly passing, and will be gone if we do not with eagerness avail ourselves of it at once. For reasons I will not discuss, all missionary societies have come to the conclusion that it is best to confine the preaching of Christ, as the home churches mostly do, to concentrated buildings to which the people must often walk many miles if they wish to attend a service of any kind. It is, therefore, safe to say that almost every kraal in South Africa presents an opportunity to go and preach the Gospel to people who have never once heard it preached, even if they have lived all their lives within sight of some missionary settlement.

The dress difficulty, which is bad enough among our white races, is naturally a far greater bar to any attendance upon worship in Africa, for although the almost-naked native may dare to attend any meeting-place to which he is admitted, he cannot feel at all comfortable there, and he must be far more occupied with the thought of having to adopt all the habits of a strange people than with anything that can be told him of God and his soul. It is, therefore, in the open-air or in their own kraals, if at all, that South Africans must be reached by the Gospel. When I reflect that the Salvation Army has only got thirty-six officers at work as yet in all South Africa to go to all the three millions in all the thousands of kraals scattered over the immense Territory, I feel that no words could tell of the hugeness of the opportunities that are so far being lost.

Will every other human organization join in the rush that is coming to snatch the vast spoils of South Africa, and the people of God alone remain unmoved; or will there be such an advance made as will, even under the present circumstances, ensure the best being done that is possible for all these races of needy souls? Oh! that those, at least, who read this appeal may be resolved that whatever has been done hitherto shall at least be doubled in the near future.

THE FIRST SALVATION ARMY LIFE-BOAT AT WORK.

A Splendid Rescue—The Crew of a Russian Schooner Saved.

Intelligence has reached us that the "Catherine Booth"—the first Salvation Army life-boat plying its hazardous and useful calling on the North-West coast of Norway—has gallantly accomplished its first rescue. The details have not yet come to hand, but the following telegram already indicates that this new venture has begun to realize the high hopes entertained by Commissioner Ouchterloney, at whose suggestion it was built: "We have rescued the crew of a Russian schooner, which had, during the night, owing to a hurricane and storm, been stranded on the rocks by Hornø. To-day we rescued a portion of the ship's inventory and cargo. We are once again sailing out."

Liberal to the Devil, Stingy with God.

A man once said to Sam Jones, "Jones, the church is putting my assessment too high."

Jones asked, "How much do you pay?"

"Five dollars a year," was the reply.

"Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?"

"About four years," was the answer.

"Well, what did you do before you were converted?"

"I was a drunkard."

"How much did you spend for drink?"

"About \$250 a year."

"How much were you worth?"

"I rented land and ploughed a steer."

"What have you got now?"

"I have a good plantation, and a pair of horses."

"Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil \$250 a year for the privilege of ploughing a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give God, Who saved you, five dollars a year for the privilege of ploughing horses on your own plantation. You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot."—Selected.

Mr. Ruskin tells us that the first lesson he learned was to be obedient. "One evening," he says, "while I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early task for a bronzed, I suppose, but I was resolute about it. My mother laid me keep my fingers back—I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said, 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got, and the last which I, for some time, asked for.

The Unchanging Christ.

[Written especially to encourage comrades who cannot attend week-night meetings.]

When the meetings of Sunday are over and gone;

When the music has ceased and I leave the glad throng;

When homewards I travel, and I am alone,

Then the thought comes and carries my spirit along—

That Christ is the same yesterday, now, and ever,

While trusting in Him, He'll forsake me not—never!

Oh, 'tis easy to sing with a multitude singing,

And faith isn't hard when assisted by sight,

At the wand'rer's return, and with heaven's bells ringing;

But, oh! when I go out alone in the night—

'Tis then I must feel Christ the same is for ever,

And know that He changes not, never, oh, never!

Oh, the Sabbaths of mercy, how oft they remind me

Of that blessed Sabbath that lasts evermore!

And when things material and worldly would blind me,

These Sabbaths return bringing grace to endure,

And to open my eyes that I'll see Jesus ever.

Remaineth the same, and He changes not—never!

I believe when we would, but when duty prevents us,

Unite with our comrades in warfare and prayer,

If faithful to God, help Divine will be sent us,

And p'raps greater blessings than it prevents us,

From spirits sincere Christ Himself will not sever;

He's faithful and changeless for ever and ever.

Oh, the grand, mighty promise, it stands for the ages;

It stands when the night-winds around it blow high;

It stands when the strife of the world around us rages;

It stands when there's never a star in the sky.

I'll still to it cling, Jesus Christ is for ever,

And time cannot change Him, thank Heaven, oh, never!

How sadly we notice the changes around us,

And oft in ourselves we the changes forget;

We know how our lives changed the day that Christ found us,

But have we so lived that we feel no regret?

Ah! often we're changed, but our Saviour for ever

Remaineth the same, and He changeth not—never.

And if every comrade who fell to temptation

Believed in his heart that God loved him the same;

Believed—though he fell from an hour's station,

And bears in his heart all the burden of shame—

The promise Divine that for ever and ever

Christ's love is the same, and it changes not—never!

When partings have come, with their painful emotion,

Our sorrow too deep for expression became,

We thought of that love which is fixed like an ocean,

'Tis then that we pass over it, still it's the same;

It dwelleth unchanging for ever and ever,

Oh, limitless ocean, it changes not—never!

DOES IT KEEP UP?

BY THE GENERAL.

Maintenance.

2. Take the word maintenance, and that will, I think, suggest some further idea of the vast amount of labor—necessary and profitable labor—those years have called forth—labor as much inspired and directed, and as necessary to the establishment and prosperity of the Kingdom of Heaven on the Earth, as the more spiritual exercises of preaching and praying.

To raise up, in the first instance, the men and women necessary to direct the Organization and lead the War, to take the drunkard from his cups, the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his plough, the servant from her duties, and then to educate and train, commission and appoint them to their respective Commands, keeping all moving in due order and usefulness in their respective positions, will be seen to have been no trifling performance. And when to this is added the provision of the buildings required for the services, and all the other auxiliary forces necessary for such extensive operations, the undertaking will, at a glance, be seen to have been a herculean task.

But, in addition to this part of the work, there has been the important business of providing the necessary funds for the whole enterprise, no small portion of which has been the creation in the hearts of the people benefited a sense of obligation to themselves provide a large portion of the money required for the support of the methods employed for their benefit, and to induce them gladly to rise to meet the responsibility. But this has been done, and that to an extent that is an astonishment to all who realize what vast sums have been contributed out of their poverty by the poor among whom we labor.

Development.

8. Now, we will take the word Development. Salvationism is a growth. But growth supposes life. Little more than the germ could be discovered in those early East of London days. But it was there. Nurtured and fanned by the good hand of our God, it has progressed until we see the mighty Tree with its trunk reaching upwards to the Heavens, and its branches spreading outwards to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Growth is only another word for Development. The Salvation Army has developed in a hundred different forms. Some have been already referred to. Others might be mentioned.

There is the preaching of Christ to the Christless Crowds in the Open-Air, in Theatres and Music Halls, as well as in the Six Thousand Buildings regularly used for our services.

There are the Missions to the most hopeless and wretched in the Slums, to the frequenters of Public-Houses, the Gambling-Dens, the Brothels and other haunts of Vice.

There are the Missions to the Zulus, the Kaffirs, and other Native Tribes of South Africa, the Hindoo low castes of India, the Buddhists of Japan and Ceylon, the Mohammedans of Java, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Chinese of San Francisco and other similar Native Races.

Then there is the Naval and Military League for the Soldiers and Sailors of different Nations, which, although only an infant, has its representatives in some 170 Battalions and Batteries, and 150 Ships of War.

There are the multitudinous operations of the Social Scheme, with its Shelters, and Rescue Homes, Prison-Gate Brigades, and Labor Bureaux, Farm Colonies, Children's Homes, and other agencies of Compassion, including the Investigation Bureaux by which lost Husbands, Wives, Sons, and Daughters are sought and found in all parts of the world, and restored to friends and homes.

There are any number of other Departments and Enterprises of Mercy, Attack, Strategic and Frontal, they might be called, on the Citadel of Hell. In fact, almost every day some new departure is made in this War of Affection, or some fresh ground is broken for this Heavenly Cultivation, or some

new Territory is discovered on which further conquests may be won for the Captain of our Salvation.

The Future.

But what about the Future? On this aspect of the War I need not say that I am full of hope. How could it

be otherwise? With a Force that has already achieved such wonders, I should be incredulous indeed if I were not confident even to certainty of the accomplishment of far greater things in the coming year than those I have been permitted to see in these.

And I think I have abundant ground for this faith. If I were asked to tabulate my reasons, I should say, Look at the growth all round the world of—

1. The Spirit of True Discipline.—Has not the Spirit of Obedience, humbly-speaking, under God, helped to place the Army on the high altitude of efficiency and success which it at present occupies? That spirit spreads every

day more and more among the Soldiers as well as Officers.

2. The Advance in Ability.—Tens of thousands of our people, Officers and Soldiers alike, are studying all the time how more effectively to bless and save their fellows, and that on a larger scale. The passion for doing good grows with its exercise. The profiting of these divine Workmen is strikingly apparent. Practice makes perfect. The number of Veterans amongst us increases day by day.

3. The Spirit of Unity.—Never before was the Army so thoroughly one in Character, and Aim, and Spirit. Not only have my most cherished ambitions been realized in this respect, but far away outstripped in the spirit of Oneness that permeates all ranks and classes amongst us.

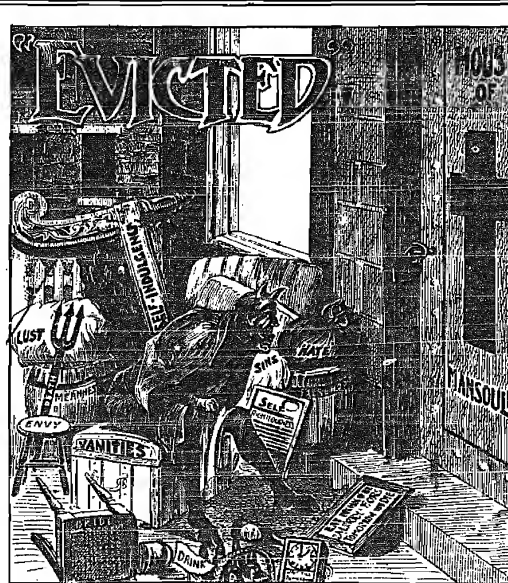
4. The Creation of Holy Ambition.—Ambition is one of the great forces of the age, and we aim at sanctifying and consecrating it for the realization of Divine purposes. The advance in the spirit of pure ambition is one of the gratifying features of our Corps work throughout the world. The Local Officers possess it. 7,000 Corps-Cadets, or young people who are being trained for Officership, possess it. Tens of thousands of our Soldiers possess it; and well-regulated and sustained by ceaseless fighting for souls, it is a spirit which is capable of accomplishing mighty things.

5. But my faith for the future of the Movement is especially based on the growth of that Spirit which, before all else, has made us what we are, without which we should have been only as "wounding brass and tinkling cymbal"—the Spirit of Compassion, the Spirit of Love, the Spirit that comes from God. This is the rock on which I build my hopes for the future. Not on the attainment of wealth, respectability, or of the admiration of the world. Those, to my great extent, we are never likely to possess. Not on those Theories, or Intellectualisms, or Ceremonials, or Artistic displays that are adapted to charm the Cultured, the Refined, and the Noble. Those Classes do not make up our Constituency, or only to a very limited extent, consequently we are under little temptation to seek their tastes. No, I build my hopes for a glorious future of usefulness for the Organization, which I have, by the grace of God, been allowed to see come into existence, on that spirit of yearning for the Salvation of the Poor, which I know is stronger amongst us to-day than at any previous period of our history, and which I am believing will, by the grace of God, grow stronger and stronger as the days and the years go by.

Lost His Stripes, but Did His Duty.

While the war has been raging in South Africa, and many a brave battle won, and many a brave deed done, we can refer to some here in our own country, and especially to one would I draw attention—Brother Herbert Courtney, a Corporal in Her Majesty's Service (now at Kingston). Bro. Courtney was a soldier here in Quebec for some time, and he was a good, honest lad, who loved to do God's work. The time came when he had to say farewell and proceed to Kingston; but I am glad to say since leaving he has a stronger determination than ever to fight the good fight of faith.

While at Kingston, on the 24th of May, the soldiers paraded in the forenoon, and after the parade each man was to be served with his beer. A number of officers were selected to serve it; and it happened Bro. Courtney was one of those picked, but he refused to obey orders, and was immediately placed under arrest. These are the words which he wrote to his brother: "I will not have anything to do with beer, good or bad." Although he has lost his two stripes, yet he is more happy and contented, and God will bless him more for standing up for what is right. It seems to me we want more of these brave, courageous and daring men of God in this noble fight of ours, and our old chariot would roll along so much easier. I am sure Bro. Courtney deserves credit for this noble stand, and it is a lesson for young men not to touch the cursed stuff. "Do right if the sky fall," is our motto.—Capt. T. Bloss, Quebec.



OUR picture represents a scene with which every consecrated child of God is familiar. The eviction of the devil and his corrodling influences from the seat of the affections, being the outcome of a complete surrender to God, can only be understood by those who have passed through the ordeal and reached the climax of what is known as sanctification.

The day of eviction is the day of our cleansing from all sin. The devil is cast out, and God, Whose right it is to reign, comes into His holy temple. No greater blessing can be experienced by us than by having our hearts emptied of sin and filled with God. Divine power, with man's concurrence, can alone accomplish such a work which is both creative and miraculous—creative, in that a new heart is created within us—miraculous, inasmuch as the supernatural takes the place of the ordinary power. Divine power was given to the disciples in connection with their Gospel mission, and was always available when faith and prayer were duly exercised.

The age of miracle-working and casting-out of devils has not by any means passed away; flagrant sinners are as much under the power of Satan to-day as in the days of the disciples and apostles. The circumstances may be different, and the modern demonstrations more subtly understood; yet the devil, as the spirit of evil, presents the same subtlety of temper—the same opposition to all that is holy and God-like, and manifests the same power as the god of this world. Who will say that persons under the spell of fanaticism, lust, temper, drink, and superstition are not at the same time under the immediate control of Satan?

The sanctified man, by virtue of his allegiance to God and complete surrender to His will escapes these agents of the devil's operation; and by securing the door of the heart, prevents further invasion, thus occupying his mansion in perfect peace. In connection with eviction, the fastening of the door, to prevent re-entry, is of vital importance. In a spiritual sense we may succeed in

getting every hindrance removed, and the house swept and garnished, but if we fail to obtain a new tenant within, and keep the old defaulter without, our last state will be worse than the first.

The Israelite was safe from the destroying-angel, when the pests of his house were sprinkled with the blood of the passover lamb. Daniel, consecrated, was as safe in the den of lions as he could have been in the king's palace. Glance for a moment at the grim expression of the disappointed devil, as he sits, surrounded by the instruments of unrighteousness. For a time, all went well with the professing Christian, but when the Sun of Righteousness shone into his soul, revealing the hideousness of his position, and the bondage to which sin and the devil had subjected him, a result in the might and power of God was at once made, that the present oppression and tyranny should cease. Happy resolution, but still happier power of action which expelled the intruder and invited the holy One to take possession!

The house of Mansoul under siege presents material for a chapter on the endurance of holy principle, and the achievements of faith and prayer worthy the cause he has so valiantly espoused, while the bold front presented to the enemy of his soul calls loudly for thankfulness to God, Who has supplied the sinews of war.

No more humiliating spectacle of Christian warfare was ever witnessed among followers of the Calvary Victim than that of an anxious father bringing his devil-possessed son to the disciples to cast him out, and they falling before the assembled crowd. "Why could not we cast him out?" said the crestfallen pupils of the Master. "This kind goeth not out, but by prayer and fasting," was the enlightening reply; hence the practical lesson to be learned from the whole is the necessity of entire separation from the world, and unconditional surrender and consecration to God, in order to gain a complete victory over the flesh and the devil.—Australian War Cry.

❖ TWO LITTLE LAMBS. ❖

A TRUE STORY OF THE WEST.

"Oh, grandpa, I am so glad you have come in fast. I found this little lamb this morning while picking wild blackberries for dinner. It had somehow got in between some logs, and could not get out. Poor little thiag, see how frightened it is."

Now, the truth of the matter is, that this little lamb had in some way strayed from one of the many small flocks owned by farmers on a small scale, in the mountainous country surrounding Mt. Hood, in Oregon, U. S. A. It seemed almost as if the creature was sent along providentially to bring brightness and comfort to the lonely heart of little Dot, though only for a short time.

Little Dorothy Williams' grandpa, better known as Old Brastles, a name that even strangers could not refrain from using after once having seen the individual who had gained for himself this title, was a fair sample of the early pioneer settlers of Oregon. He was back there in the forties, that first William, and he had seen some fifty others, mostly young men like himself, of daring disposition and unflinching courage, left their homes in one of the Eastern States to take their chances in the far-off country of California, which was said to contain gold in unlimited quantities. Much was said and done to discourage such an undertaking, but the fever of the day was such a degree that no amount of reasoning, nor shedding of bitter tears, seemed to have any effect upon their determined minds. When the day agreed upon to start finally came, and last farewells were to be said, it was truly a sad scene. After performing the necessary preparations, such as packing their bedding, their clothing, tents, and food, etc., and fastening them safely upon their wagons, and after having hitched their oxen to same, ready to start, they all gathered to sing a farewell song, after which a venerable old patriarch volunteered to ask God's blessing upon the company about to start. The prayer began with "and we could be heard throughout that large assembly; and as the pleading voice of that white-haired saint increased in fervor, imploring God to guide and protect them from the many dangers of such a journey, the people gave vent to their feelings in such an extent that the words could be heard but the sobs and exclamations came from the hearts that could hold in no longer.

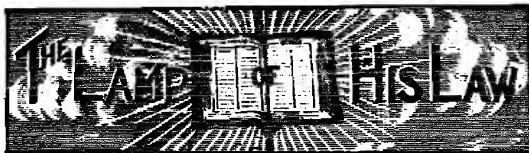
Oh, that the promises made to mothers by those yonag men had all been kept. We will follow them now pressing forward. They saw on the western

horizon after sunset what appeared like
that mountains of gold, though it was
only the clouds, which, but for the beau-
tiful rays of the setting sun, would
have looked black and threatening.
This had the effect of drawing their
imaginings to the vast possibilities of
the land to which they were going, and
such a degree that ordinary objects were
taken no notice of at all. Their
journey at first seemed too pleasant, but
they soon undertook to describe the
suffering and hardship of that trip.
During many long, weary months of
travel, they were first suffering from
the heat of the vertical rays of the sun
during July and August, and later from
the severe cold and absence of necessary
clothing. More than half of their oxen
had either died or been stolen by the
Indians. Nearly all articles of weight
had been left along the route, and they
only sought for things left to carry
such as food, could not be dispensed
with, and the poor unfortunates who
were too sick to walk. Some of the
party had been killed by the Indians,
while some died from exposure, thus
sadly lessening their number. The most
direct trail to Californian during the cold
weather being very dangerous on account
of hostile Indians migrating south, they
chose a more northerly course, which
landed them at the coast opposite
the beautiful Willamett Valley of Oregon.
Mr. Williams and a few of the company
desired to remain here, and soon had
comfortable lodgings erected. In a few
years they were numbered with the

most prosperous land-owners in Oregon. When the country was rapidly being settled, Mr. Williams took advantage of selling valley property at a good price and buying a much greater quantity of poorer land elsewhere for less. Soon again he had a comfortable home and food and a new occupation. With that spirit of fearlessness which of necessity must characterize the pioneer, he very readily exchanged agricultural pursuits for the more exciting life of a game, such as the various species of bear, cougar, etc., letting his real estate take care of itself. All for a time seemed bright, until his only child, a beautiful daughter, became ill. Mr. Williams' heart was torn to shreds by the character, whom he married, much against her parents' wishes, and went to live with him in a different part of the State. Soon after this Mrs. Williams died, which made Mr. Williams very melancholy. He finally began to drink very hard, and was soon, going down much faster than he went up, until piece by piece his land had been sold to supply money

To satisfy that fierce craving for drink, some years back Old Bristles was smothered by a woman leading by her side up the steep path a rugged little girl, who proved to be his own poor girl among grandchild. It seemed for some time that Old Bristles was going to live a sober life, but when, shortly after, his daughter died, his grief was boundless. He was unable to get over the loss, and he was to find relief in the cup. This weaned him, with all self-respect apparently gone. Even his little charge, Dot, whom he dearly loved, was powerless to keep him straight. In this uncouth appearance, as often without a hat as straight coat, and with a beard standing straight out, and a head that was as big as Bristles, he fired now in a small log hut without a floor, every available article gone to satisfy that fierce thirst for liquor, and as another Christmas was just approaching, his condition seemed to all most deplorable one, as he could not get much up for ten buy a drink to brace himself up for that special occasion.

All at once, to his great joy, the



THE YOUNG RULER.

Luke xviii, 18-30.

This sickler after eternal life must have been no ordinary man. Besides holding a position of great power and influence, and being in possession of riches, which would lift him high in the estimation of the common crowd, his continuous observance of what was right and true, and his unflinching courage in the eyes of the Master. We read in another rendering of the same story, that the Lord looking upon him, loved him, and we cannot but think that this Divine affection was drawn out by some goodness of character and life in the young ruler before him. To the natural man, life seemed to have been blameless.

But something more than a life that works no harm is required of us by God. Our experience should be a positive, not a negative one. To please God it is not simply necessary that we should keep from evil, but do good. What a poor excuse, after all, we should think for any tree of the orchard to make that it had done no harm. The gardener would look for fruit, and, finding none, consider that tree a failure.

And here Jesus reminds the young ruler that something more than abstaining from wrong is required. The ser-

thought of Dot's lamb, which was festering near by struck him. Should it die, he would be bothered and not for a couple of dollars. The lamb, that's only compensation, and playmate, had a very warm place in Dot's little affectionate heart. So she mourned her loss very much. She had no one now to whom she could read the New Testament, and tell the story of Jesus giving Himself to die that we might live. Whether through grief, or to fulfil the mission that had been entrusted to fulfil his work, not easy, but she seemed to become very quiet and unobtrusive, and was often found on her knees telling out to some invisible Friend the desire of her little heart.

Christmas was again nearly at hand. At the foot of the hill Old Bristles could be seen staggering homeward, and, but for crossing a little brook on a log, slipped off and fell into the cold water, and, but for the timely arrival of his grandchild, would have been drowned. She jumped into the cold water more than waist-deep and pulled and tugged away at her grandfather until she succeeded in helping him out. Poor little Dot suffered from a high fever for the following few days. The neighbors and friends here liked to see her and were glad to give her comfort and cheer her as best they could. Poor Old Bristles often related the story of how Dot had saved his life. When Christmas morning

came little Dot looked so happy and submissive, with such an angelic smile upon her face that all agreed that Dot was going to die. Mr. Williams came to her little couch with tears streaming down his face, saying, "Oh, Dot, you are not going to die to-day, are you?"

"Oh, please, grandpa, don't say that. I should love to die for you to-day so much. It is because I love you, grandpa. It was because Jesus loved us so much that He died for us to-day many years ago. Just read in my little book about it, grandpa."

These were Dot's last words, and they burned deep into Williams' heart. When later in the day, he picked up Dot's Testament, and it opened to the worn pages of St. Matthew describing Christ suffering for us, he fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy. Jesus, Who said "Forgive them, they know not what they do," forgave Grandpa Williams, and accepted him into the fold of the redeemed.

But, oh, the years of anguish, heart aches, and sorrows that he could have avoided had he kept his promise to his mother!—S. A. S., Capt.

vice which God asks, and nothing less than which can ever satisfy His love, in Time or Eternity, is a religion that is practical in its effects and influence.

After all, although this man had been so careful to keep from the outward semblance of sin, we may safely say that his religion had so far cost him little or nothing. Now Christ confronts him with a grave and new sense of responsibility to God and man. Self-denial and service were the two qualifications which the young man lacked. Without these it is impossible for any man to fulfill God's plans concerning himself. It is good to love God's will, and seek unto it, but to transgress against it, but to do nothing more than is required. We must deny ourselves and bless others by the practical expression of Christian charity.

The young man went away sorrowful, "for He was very rich," and was not willing to part with those riches; that he might alleviate the poverty of others. We need to read the Bible ever come back again to Jesus again. He was not willing to pay the price of communion and discipleship. God forbid that we should ever keep us from the Master. All that He has given us is ours to give again to Him. Every bit of strength and store should be spent in cheerful toil for others. Only by thus doing can we fulfill the will of God concerning us, and realize His purposes in the practical result of our life's influence.

THE BOY WE WANT

(To our frontispiece.)

The Canadian Sunday School attendance is probably larger than that of any other country. This is very cheering to know, for it is most desirable that the impressionable child should be fully acquainted with the Bible and the life of our Divine Pattern. No effort in this direction can be over-estimated. Yet recent statistics show that in our cities the percentage of people who do not frequent any place of worship is increasing. Sunday School is alarmingly decreasing. In the streets of our cities we meet many bright, quick, sharp-faced faces of children, who are practically ignorant of the Bible and the way of salvation, and not only among the poorest classes!

This Is a Great City.

These spiritually-homeless children are often the brightest mentally. They don't like discipline and stiffness, and like to roam at their own sweet will. Yet for that very reason, very special efforts should be made to bring them under godly influence. Whatever extra toil, patience, long-suffering and energy is expended in this effort, will generally bring an abundant reward, for, as a rule, these children have good talents and forces that prove them bright light-bearers in the ranks of righteousness.

Just as we have often raised the brightest officers and soldiers from the ranks of those who were furthest from God, so we shall find it with these children.

Then it is economical to seek the salvation of the children, for several reasons. Firstly, we save the boy the expense of continuing in the path he has chosen, which is definitely a waste of money relapsing his harmless games into gambling habits ; from forming the appetites that would make him into a drunkard in short, from using his God-given abilities for the furtherance of evil. We save the boy from his own evil self which is an immense gain to himself.

Secondly, we save the expenditure of time, strength, money, anxiety, etc., which it would cost to reclaim him when he is a drunkard. This is a great gain to

Thirdly, we save his first and best strength of life for the work of God, in blessing and saving others. This is a

Priceless Gain to the Kingdom.

So let us then more desperately pursue the Junior war. We must save the boys and girls if we ever expect to save the world, for the children are the future generations, and the makers of the future history.

So we hoist our banner with the blazing inscription, "The Children for God."

The Veil of the Future.

To be weighed down with vague apprehensions regarding an uncertain future, to the extent perhaps, of becoming unfit for the duties of the present, is to do one's self a grave injury. It is beyond the powers of the sagest mortals to prophesy accurately concerning the events of to-morrow. What is to befall us, for good or ill, is an impenetrable secret of fate. Experience has taught us that many of our various anxieties lurk behind the veil of the future. A sudden turn of the wheel of fortune sets beggars on horseback, and reduces the princely capitalist to penury. On the most trifling occurrences often hang the weightiest consequences. The expected disaster, which threatened to ruin us, is averted by the intervention of chance; the disappointment against which we so bitterly rebelled, proves a step towards an inestimable blessing. This is the history which repeats itself in every life, over and over again—and yet, in doubt and abject fear of the "clouds that make dark to-morrow's sun," how many miss the step of to-day's happy and untroubled, making no account of the precious living present, which of all good gifts of God to man, is the most beautiful and valuable.

We must not account everyone a soldier who swaggers with a sword.

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The song, "prayer," was apart from the that they had there were, out souls who sang tour, two who d coming to God a lovely song. T going to sing it he has any vo

The Provincials are now removed from some surrounding corner of a shanty square. Are Pugmire and the others? They can certainly

"Gentlemen, was the salute died Pugnire and short order, as through one of treat a few days will. Will you brother?" was my besetment, I cannot stop out. I fear I now. Yes, I'll dear fellow, and your knees on very much to the to the constern on. There the first salvation, meeting at night out to the penit sake the prop-

The trip over,

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THE WAR CRY.

5

OBSERVATIONS

IN EAST ONTARIO, QUEBEC AND VERMONT.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

It is a traveler's lot to experience all kind of climatic changes—to-day a heavy hurricane of wind or a snow-storm; to-morrow frost or rain, cold or heat. Nothing, however, could have been more beautiful or pleasant on this trip than to watch the tens of thousands of buds and blossoms hurrying forth into the fulness of nature's size and color, as the result of warm and continuous sunshine, with a refreshing rain-storm thrown in occasionally. It is good to have spiritual experience alike unto Nature in springtime.

I had been to Ottawa a good many times before, but, positively, I had to stand still for a time and take bearings, so great was the change since that frightful fire. But for the re-assuring presence of the good brother who came to meet me at what need to be the C. P. R. depot, I should have had to make inquiries before proceedings to the quarters on Queen St. A black, fire-scorched, dismal scene of desolation presented itself whenever way one looked.

I thought of the hundreds of houses burned to the ground; of the thousands of fire-sufferers made homeless and comfortless in the short space of a few hours. As my eye glanced over ashes, scarcely cold, broken walls of brick, battered iron girders and fixings, "badly twisted," and crumbling relics of lovely gardens and shady trees, all ruthlessly devoured by fire's furious rage, than I thought of the fires of sin, and lust, and greed, which, alas! keep burning in the hearts and lives of the people all around us, challenging the combined efforts of Salvationists and all good people to even check, let alone extinguish; them, and, unlike the Ottawa conflagration, these fires do not burn themselves out. What a task we, who live to save souls, have before us! Great God, grant us this!

Ensign Ottawa, who has just arrived in the Imperial City, is enthusiastic for a great spiritual and financial revolution in that Corps and District, and with the aid of her worthy associates, is sanguine of success. May it please God to grant it them.

The song, "My name in mother's prayer" was evidently God-ordered, for apart from the many who mentioned that they had got blessed through it, there were, out of thirty-four precious souls who sought mercy on this short tour, two who definitely attributed their coming to God as being the result of this lovely song. The writer, therefore, is going to sing it again and again while he has any voice.

The Provincial Office and Quarters are now removed from dizzy, unwholesome surroundings, to the south-east corner of a shady little park—Richmond Square. Aren't Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire and the Provincial Staff happy? They can certainly breathe freely now.

"Gentlemen, will you pray with me?" was the salute which pulled up Brigadier Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Taylor in short order, as they were journeying through one of the main streets in Montreal a few days ago. "Certainly we will. Will you pray for yourself, dear brother?" was the reply. "Druk is my hesitancy, and when I get started I cannot stop until everything is cleared out. I fear I shall lose my situation now. Yes, I'll pray," exclaimed the dear fellow, and then he went down on their knees on the sidewalk in prayer, very much to the astonishment, if not to the consternation, of many lookers-on. There the dear fellow professed to find salvation, and in the Brigadier's snuffing at night spontaneously came out to the penitent form for example's sake—the proper thing to do.

The trip over, through, and round a-

bout the lovely mountains, ravines and rivers of picturesque Vermont is but a little less enjoyable to the flesh than is a "Battle for Souls" to the spirit, when fought among such heroes and heroines of Blood-and-Fire as are to be found in the charming towns of St. Johnsbury, Barre, and other corps in that neighborhood. That is saying a great deal.

Meeting Capt. Gross at the Prescott G. T. R. Depot, on the return journey, I was delighted to be informed by him of the salvation of a well-known character in that neighborhood—about two weeks previous—and that at the time the Captain met me he was doing well. So the battle presses on.

What can I say of the kindness of the dear officers who, from Port Hope, the first place, to Burlington, the last place visited, did their utmost to make me feel at home, and none more so than the Brigadier and his dear wife and staff. God bless them all. Despite these kindly considerations, it felt none the less good to be "home once more."

The Territorial Secretary

AND
BRIGADIER PUGMIRE
IN THE BARRE DISTRICT.

We're having some great times out here. It's not often we get specials to visit us, but when they do come we always feel the better for it. To know that Lieut-Colonel Macdonald and Brigadier Pugmire were both to visit the District at the same time raised our faith sky-high for a glorious time, and we were not disappointed.

A nice crowd gathered to hear the Colonel at NEWPORT, and a most enjoyable time was spent. The Colonel handled his subject A. 1, and held the attention of the audience until the benediction was pronounced. Capt. Burtch, the C. O., writes me later saying the meetings were a decided success.

ST JOHN'SBURY was next on the list, and although "The Burden" was the great counter-attraction that night, a fair crowd listened to the Colonel's subject, "Sight-Seeing." Not a soul left until the meeting closed.

While the Colonel was conducting the St. Johnsbury meeting, Brigadier Pugmire, the P. O. 2, was addressing an audience in the St. Albans Congregational Church.

BARRE is the spot where the Colonel and Brigadier met, to put in a week-end together. The Barre Locals and soldiers are the folks to make specials feel at home. They take them right to their hearts, get a blessing out of them, and, in return, prove a blessing to the specials. It was just glorious in the holiness meeting to witness the tears, smiles, halloos, and happy feelings of the comrades. Some hardly knew how to contain themselves. The Colonel and Brigadier were in their element. After a little dinner we were at it again in the open-air. The crowd just stood and drank in the words spoken, and it seemed that everybody was eyes and ears as the Colonel and Brigadier sang a duet. Inside we had a good time, the rising generation being in evidence very much. The Colonel is a great hand at declaiming, and presented Herbert William Booth Truckee Wilson (Oh, yes, Mr. Editor, the name all belongs to one child), the child of our worthy Serjeant-Major, and Gladys Anneson Lee, the daughter of Bro. and Sister Lee, to the Lord and the Salvation Army. At night the barracks was full up, and two souls sought pardon. The Locals and soldiers invited the Colonel and Brigadier to come again and stay a week. The finances for the week-end were more than double the usual amount.

BURLINGTON was reached on Monday, and the First Congregational Church was put at the Colonel's disposal. His short social address was enjoyed by the people assembled, and many went to their homes with wider views of the S. A. than hitherto. At 4:25 a.m. next day the Colonel and Brigadier made tracks for the west.—Slms.



INTERESTING ITEMS FROM MANY SOURCES.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

The Field Commissioner with the Women's Social Staff.

We were all delighted to have our dear leader take tea and conduct a meeting with us. We appreciated her kindness in sparing an evening from her very busy life. The place was the "Home room" of the Toronto Rescue Home; the Rescue Officers and League of Mercy workers the favored ones. Our dear Commissioner gave loving, earnest counsel, and spoke bright words of encouragement to those present, cheering and inspiring to still greater devotion and more efficient service the women who have consecrated their lives to bearing the burden, lightening the sorrows, and wiping the tears of earth's weary and sin-sick ones.

The council, which is elsewhere reported, will live as a bright spot in our memories.

Adjutant McDonald's Loss.

Once again a dear comrade has been called to pass through deep waters. Adj. McDonald has, for some months, been watching beside her aged father, but, in spite of love and care, the shadow of death entered the home and Mr. McDonald was called to higher service. The Adjutant writes that he was ready, just waiting the summons home, and gladly answered the call.

Let us remember our beloved comrade in sympathy and prayer. She is very much worn out with the long vigilance in the sick room. Pray that the Adjutant may speedily be restored to her place in the front ranks of service in the Women's Social Department.

A Poor Wayward One Called Home.

Another poor, wayward girl, restored to the paths of virtue through the Rescue Work, has been called "into the valley of the shadow." She was found by Major Stewart in deep distress, and brought to one of our Rescue Homes. She had been a wild, wilful girl, had given those who had taken an interest in her a great deal of trouble, but while in the Home, at a little service conducted by the officers, she came to the "Friend of sinners" with her load of transgressions and avowed the truth of His promise, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." She passed peacefully away rejoicing in the consciousness of sins forgiven. A simple funeral service was conducted by Major Stewart, who was with the poor orphan girl much in her last hours, and Staff-Capt. Munton.

At the Central Prison.

What an inspiring sight it was! Heartily indeed the men sang. While outside conservative Toronto had gone mad in its patriotic celebration over Pretoria's surrender, a large number of the men in the Central sang God's praises.

It was one of the series of revival meetings arranged by Mr. Spencer, the agent for the Prisoners' Aid, which, in response to his request, I was privileged to conduct. Capt. White was present and rendered valuable assistance.

Some inspiring and touching testimonies were given by the converted men present, and a large number asked for prayers. The week's revival has resulted in much blessing and many souls saved.

At the Refuge.

It was my privilege to conduct the meeting this month in the Girls' Refuge. A large number were present, and we were rejoiced as more than a dozen

testified their desire on the spot to "seek first the Kingdom."

This is one of the many Institutions visited by the League of Mercy in the Queen City. Dear Major Stewart and her faithful workers have every reason for encouragement in their work.

London.

Staff-Capt. Cowan has paid a brief visit to Toronto. She is much improved in health, though still extremely weak. She reports beautiful victories in the Rescue Home. Quite a number of inmates have recently made a definite consecration of their lives to God.

Then the League of Mercy is prospering. This year the Staff-Captain intends to supply flowers from the Home garden for distribution among the sick, while some of the members are doing likewise. This will make their visit to the afflicted more acceptable than ever. Cannot some friend in other cities facilitate the work of our League in this way?

No one can estimate the value of a little flower. Oftentimes it has carried a message of peace in its fragrant petals to hearts filled with rebellion and strife. Let us hear from our readers respecting this.

A Salvation Ramble

IN THE MONTREAL DISTRICT

I was not by any means sorry when the conductor called out "SHERBROOKE!" I had been riding from 9 a.m., until I felt rather tired and extremely hungry. Capt. McNaney met me at the station, and Serjeant-Major Hazel was there to see if I had a heavy valise to carry. Although not able to oblige him in that respect, nevertheless I felt quite thankful for his kindness. He and his wife have been a real help and blessing to the officers in many ways.

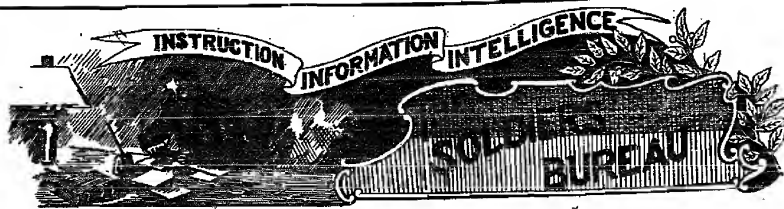
Capt. Young had a nice hot dinner ready when we arrived at the quarters, which, by the way, has undergone quite a change since Capt. McNaney and Young have taken charge. It is nicely papered and new matting for the floor has made a great improvement. They have also wiped off a debt and are having good success.

A splendid crowd attended the open-air on Saturday night, and the inside meeting only made our faith run higher for a good time on Sunday. The first band concert of the season, held in the park on Sunday afternoon, attracted our crowd outside, but God came near and gave us a good time, both spiritually and financially. At the close of a little meeting held with the soldiers, one outside gentleman handed the Captain \$5 for Self-Denial, and another friend collected \$13.50 in the shop where he works. I am sure the soldiers will do their best for this effort.

Many listened to the open-air on Sunday night, and a nice audience heard the blessed truth in the inside meeting. We felt God was working, and were most disappointed at having to close without someone seeking Christ. Yet we dare to believe that the seed fell on some good ground, and will bring forth fruit. The collections for the three meetings amounted to \$10. May God abundantly bless the Sherbrooke people, who are indeed, a warm, kind-hearted lot.

COATCOCKE was the next on the program. Capt. McNaney went with me. This place for a long time has been very hard to work, but Capt. Owen has, by the blessing of God, although alone, seen much to cheer his heart, and when he told us that only one attended his welcome meeting, our hearts were quite encouraged by seeing fifty-one in the Monday night meeting. The Captain helped with his songs, and Capt. McNaney did good service with her guitar. Two comrades, who have lately started, gave their testimony, and we hope before long they will be soldiers. Nearly \$3 was given in the offering, inside.

I must say the officers did their best to make the meetings a success. May God bless them.—Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor.



Terse Topics.

ON WINDY DAYS.

Perhaps because such seem to be the rightful property of March, the singularity of a windy June day set us thinking. There seemed a whole sermon in the bluster which transformed every small object into a testotum, found out every speck of dust and hurled it into eyes and between teeth, captured every flag npraised during the late patriotic outburst, and generally lent locomotive-capacity to many things otherwise stationary. Gusty days enter into the time of all of us, seasons when hurricanes of circumstance, disaster, or even joy beat upon our character and work, and threaten to unsettle or overwhelm. It is a good thing for some people that these stirrings come, for stagnation and inaction are the racks of wreck to any life-inspire, and the source of failure to the craft of every Christian. But there are some things in our possession which should be beyond the wind's restless influence. Our faith in God, our faith in man, our love for our Master, and our love for His work should never waver. God give us more steadfastness!

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—ISRAEL'S GOD IS OURS.

"But ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God are alive every one of you this day."—Deut. iv. 4.

Israel was never great in numbers, nor strong in wisdom, nor great in wealth. In comparison with other nations: but it possessed one distinction that lifted it high above all other people—God was its King; His law was its statute book; and while it honored the one and observed the other, Israel stood secure amid the strife of nations. Hence the temptations of the evil one are ever directed to dislodge us from our hiding-place, to make us distrust, and so desert, our sure Defence.

MONDAY.—THE USE OF AN EXAMPLE.

"For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."—John xii. 15.

The Master at His servants' feet. Strange and solemn sight, the Lord of Heaven humbly performing the lowliest offices on earth! How completely does the Gospel sink the pride of office and the distinctions of rank! The duty which fitted Christ is not too poor for the best of His disciples. Yet the act of condescension is as great whether Jesus stoops to rule a kingdom or bends to sweep a crossing. We make wide distinctions because our vision is so narrow. To the worm a straw is a fence, a puddle is an ocean. Jesus would let us see life and all its duties with heaven-enlightened eyes.

TUESDAY.—FORGETTING EGYPT.

"Then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt."—Deut. vi. 12.

For the servant of God there is but one safe path. He must make an end of sin, or sin will make an end of him. For spiritual complaints there is no cure but a clean heart. And do we not need to be reminded of the mercies of God, and of the sorrows of a life of sin? We may look back upon our Egypt, not to long for the flesh-pots, but to shudder at the bondage, and wonder at the love which saved us.

WEDNESDAY.—THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me."—John xiv. 1.

How full of compassion is the heart of Jesus. Even when all heaven waited with awe the accomplishment of His work, He could turn aside to whisper hope to these sorrowful men. It is like Jesus, this! The whole world might lift its voice in one loud song of praise, but the tear of a little child would move His heart more deeply.

THURSDAY.—THE PRUNING HOOK.

"Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—John xv. 2.

In the spiritual life the secret of all success, and the source of all strength, is the same. It is union with Christ. But strength can only be developed by suffering, and fruit by service. God has appointed these two as the instruments by which His children are made perfect—experience, exercise. I can be matured by enduring or by doing. This is true of all life. The idler is a moral and mental dwarf everywhere; and nowhere so stunted as in the spiritual world.

FRIDAY.—ABIDING TRUST.

"Herein is my Father glorified that ye hear much fruit."—John xv. 8.

The true way of honoring God is to show that His grace works wonders in my life. No observance of religious forms, however close or careful, will secure this. We do not measure the worth of a field by the size of the fence, but by the wealth of the crop. Rites and ceremonies are the fence, but Jesus looks for the fruit.

SATURDAY.—THE OVERFLOWING GOSPEL.

"And thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God."—Deut. xvi. 11.

It is a poor religion that lives alone. Festivals were set, at short intervals throughout the Hebrew year that all might rejoice together. And in this the new dispensation is like the old. How many of the parables which our Lord spoke picture the Gospel as a feast. But the Israelite was commanded to rejoice with his door open. Ours also is a Gospel of joy, but our joy is only a Gospel when it spreads among the poor, and overflows into the life of the stranger and the fatherless.

Sorrow as Our Teacher.

Men who spend much and hazard much in quest of knowledge often raise their hands in amazement at the "inscrutable Providence" that loads the human heart with sorrow. There is something here which they do not find in their university courses—something not taught in the common text-book or in the philosopher's laboratory. Only does sorrow justify itself. He who has never lived under its disciplinary curriculum is not fully educated for the battle of life. Byron testifies that "sorrow is knowledge." What it costs stands for its true value.

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

AT THE SOLDIERS' MEETING.

Try and benefit somebody else's soul as well as get a blessing for your own. The soldiers' meeting is a mutual help—one another effort, and if you are experiencing a golden shower of glory, go and sit alongside a comrade who is passing through a tunnel of fear and dimly, and let a little of your joyousness shed sympathy for him.

Gladness is more infectious than sorrow, and we have a hard time to keep its dismal place in the breast when another is persistently putting forth the promises and love of God with which the Book brims.

Describe your victories and temptations. Even the devil cannot always be inventing new ways to sin, and the chances are that if you do not up and tell just how he tried you, he will wait the same trap for your brother or sister next week. "Forewarned is forearmed." Satan tries to checkmate you; do your best to steal a march on him. Besides, it is wearying when half-a-dozen soldiers get up and talk vaguely of successes they have had, and defeats that have clouded their souls.

Go into particulars when you can. If you see a "scoreboard" on a placard, " Astonishing Victory!" or "Horrible Defeat!" you don't rest at knowing that. You will have the details—how the fight was won, what the commander said, the deeds of bravery of the rank and file, the pursuit of the foe, or the mode in which the enemy advanced, the sudden rush, the tumult, the number of wounded, missing, and dead. You must know all about it.

That is how your comrades feel when you gladly shout, "God has given me the victory this week!" or sadly say, "Pray for me, I am down in the misty valley of trouble." Fill in the blanks for the warning of others and the glory of Jesus.—Hallelujah Bill.

The Duties of Life.

Never let your conscience be troubled with the claims of duties that don't belong to you. When one knocks at your door, give it admittance, and ask its business; if you ought to attend to it, fix your time, your method to it at once; but if not, send it away; don't let it stand troubling and disturbing you, and taking the spirit out of your other duties. A great part of the humors which make families of good folk unhappy arise from the unsettled duties which throng around them, and which no one has been at the pains to decide ought, or ought not, to be attended to. And most especially don't thrust yourself, or let others thrust you, where you have no concern. Don't try to be a man when you are only a woman; and don't set up to preach when you are only called upon to practice.—Elizabeth Mary Sewell.

What a Soldier Should Know.

How to Listen.

There are very few speeches made in the Salvation Army in which there is not something that is well worth listening to, and which may not be made very profitable to those who listen. In order to do this, it is important that every Salvation Soldier should pay careful attention to what is being said.

Why Pay Attention.

He should hear for his own benefit. For the encouragement of the speaker, he should do unto others as he would be done by. If he were speaking he would not like people to be looking about, or yawning, or half-asleep, or talking to somebody next them. He would like them to listen to him. It is all but impossible for anyone to talk unless they feel they are interesting those who are before them. Others may be able to talk about religion without people listening to what they say; but, in speaking, a Salvationist very often depends upon the eyes of those to whom he is speaking, and upon feeling in his soul that what he is saying is going into their hearts and likely to do them good.

Helping and Hindering the Speaker.

If a soldier wants to discourage a speaker, he cannot do it better than by making it plain to him that he is not listening to what he says. To listen carefully to a speaker, is a good example to those who are unconverted and careless. If they see the soldiers steadily drinking in every word that is uttered, they will be likely to think that what is being said is important, and feel bound to listen themselves. No soldier should be moving about, selling War Crys or Song Books, or doing anything else that will take off people's attention from the speaker.

Expect Opposition.

Every soldier who boldly acknowledges the Lord, and is faithful in the discharge of the duties he owes to his fellow-men, will have to suffer opposition of a more or less unpleasant and painful character. "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."—2 Tim. iii. 12.

Why?

This opposition will come upon him, not merely because he is a Salvationist, but because he has the Spirit of Jesus Christ, and is endeavoring to carry on the work He came on earth to do. Persecution must, therefore, not in the least surprise him. He must expect it, and seek that grace which will enable him to bear it for the Master's sake.

Mark of Merit.

The measure of persecution the Salvation Soldier has to suffer will usually be just in proportion to his faithfulness. If in season and out of season, in trials, storms, outdoors and in, he boldly avows the souls of the people around him; if, in season and out of season, he earnestly warns sinners of their danger, and invites them continually to come to Christ and live, he will be hated, reviled, and slandered by all ungodly men; in short, the world will say of him as it did of Paul: "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live."—Acts xxii. 22.

Do Not Avoid Persecution.

In dealing with persecution, the Salvation Soldier must not seek to end it by avoiding the Cross. Of course the ribbon can be pulled off the cap, or the bonnet can be changed for a hat, or the uniform can be left at home, or he can cease altogether to speak to people about their souls, and the persecution will cease immediately; but that cannot in any shape or form be called that carrying of the cross which is to faith up by the winning of the crown.

Do Not Fight It.

He must not fight persecution back again. Christ's advice to Peter. "Put up thy sword," etc., and His words, "They that take up the sword shall perish by the sword," applies to him.

How to Act.

You must be willing to suffer. To turn persecution to your account does not require great ability, but it does require the grace and spirit which comes from above, and this is within the reach of every Salvation Soldier. Keep on with your work. Nothing has a more beneficial effect on the persecutors than to find that those whom they are opposing in the bitterest manner keep on praying for them and loving them. Diligence, zeal, perseverance, and holy living are certain to be noticed by superior officers, and to secure the advancement to positions of increased opportunity and usefulness.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XI.

ROME REBUILT.

The Romans who had escaped collected at Arden, where they asked Camillus to form them into an army and take the command of it. This he refused to do without the consent of the remnant of the Senate, which was shut up in the Capitol. A brave soldier volunteered to climb up by way of a precipice, which was not watched by the Gauls, since they considered it impossible to be scaled. The Senate met quickly and recalled the sentence of banishment against Camillus, appointing him at the same time Dictator. The messenger returned safely, but the treaty and broken twigs told the Gauls that somebody had climbed the rock. Brennus ordered his most sure-footed mountaineers to make the ascent at night. Two of these Gauls had about reached the top when the sacred goose, dedicated to Juno, began to quack and aroused Manlius, who struck off the hand of one soldier, and smote the other on the head, sending the falling bodies down upon others of the climbing Gauls. Failed in this attempt, and losing many of his men by fever, Brennus offered to leave Rome if the garrison would pay him a thousand weight in gold. The Garrison, nearly out of provisions, agreed to it. The gold was brought to the place appointed, but the weights of the Gauls proved to be less than the quantity of gold brought by the Romans. Brennus wanted to have all, and placed his sword in the scales, saying, "Woe to the conquered." But at that moment Camillus arrived, and the Gauls were cut down among the ruins, while the ransom of gold was laid up for Camillus in the vaults as a reserve for future dangers.

Camillus soon set to work to build the city again, about 300 B. C., more beautiful, but without the excellent underground drainage put in by the ancient Romans.

While Rome was rising from her ruins, her old enemies attacked her again. Camillus had succeeded in adding the people of Veii, Capena, and Faleri, to the number of their citizens, making four tribes, and strengthening their army.

Nevertheless, this measure also strengthened the number of Plebeians, who revived the old quarrels. Those who had saved their treasures loaned money to those who had lost them, to build houses, buy stock, and work their farms. When no payment was made promptly the debtors were seized to be sold as slaves. Camillus himself was a hard creditor.

Manlius, who had saved the Capitol from the Gauls, was full of compassion. He raised money enough to redeem 400 of these unfortunate men. The Patricians became jealous of him, and spread the gossip that he wanted to make himself King. This turned all the people against him, and he was cast from the Tarpeian rock, and his house overthrown.

The Plebeians continued their fight for their rights. They determined to say, "Veto" to all measures proposed in the Senate until their demands should be granted. These were their three demands: First, that interest on a debt should not be demanded; secondly, that no citizen should possess more than 320 acres of public land, or feed more than a certain number of cattle on the public pastures; and thirdly, that one of the two Consuls should always be a Plebeian.

So for eight years they went on with their Vetoes. Then the Gauls were again approaching Rome. Camillus, at the age of 80, was, for the fifth time, chosen Dictator. He gained a great victory and the Senate begged him to continue in office to act their trouble right. He saw it was time to yield to the claims of the Plebeians, so at last in 307 B. C., one of the Consuls elected was a Plebeian. From that time forward the Plebeians were on equal footing with the Patricians in legislation; only the priesthood was reserved for Patricians only.

(To be continued.)

Bible Readings from Jamaica.

V.—CAPTAIN NAAMAN.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

COMRADES! if you wish to study all that I would say to you, In the fifth of Kings, the second, you may read the story through.

Mr. Naaman was a "captain," not, of course, an Army one—Though 'tis possible he "joined 'em" when this miracle was done. Yet he was a man of valor, and the people called him "great"—Fav'rite of the King of Syria; holding office in the State. But, nurr BUT—in spite of greatness—he a leper was, forsooth And, o'er-shadowing his valor, gaunt-like stood this awful truth. Perhaps he'd spent a deal of money trying to get healed by med—Allopathic, homoeopathic—if they had such medicines then! But God used a little maiden—pioneer of Band of Love—Said she, "In my land's a Prophet, servant of the Lord above; He will heal him, or will tell him what to do to make him clean." "But," said Naaman, when they told him, "she the King must surely mean." So he got the King of Syria to write to the other king, saying, "Heal my servant Naaman, and receive what he will bring." But, when he received the letter he was vex'd and rent his clothes—"Am I God?" said he, "to heal him—he a quarrel now would choose." Nothing daunted, Captain Naaman drove up to the prophet's door, With his chariot and horses, and the runners on before;



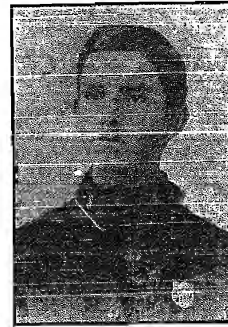
THE MISSION OF THE LITTLE MAID.

Then he waited; was the prophet getting ready him to meet? Overcome p'raps with the knowledge of such greatness at his feet! Oh, dear, no, the good Elisha did not do as some to-day. For the great men of the country, put himself much out the way: So he kept this rich man waiting—then sent out this message plain: "Go and dip seven times in Jordan, and your flesh will come again!" "What?" said Naaman, in his anger, heedless of his Kyrus state, "Does he take me for a beggar? Was I not a fool to wait? Are not rivers of Damascus better far than Jordan's stream? Mny I not wash in their waters, and come out p'raps just as clean?"

So he went away in anger—just as you, friend, went away From the meeting you attended down the street the other day; When the captain told you plainly you should come out to the farm, What a row you raised about it! What a Naamanish storm! "Could you not be saved in your church (tho' p'raps you belong to none), God's recording angel noted—"Chances lost, another one." So you came away in anger, feeling wretched as you came, And to-day your doom is nearer, but you're halting just the same.

Not so Naaman! When his servants, disappointed, saw his skin Still unhealed, they were so sorry for the state that he was in; So they spoke, who should be silent, showing him the reason why He should leave his prophet's house, and with his command comply. Then he did it: down in Jordan, seven times he dipped his head—At the seventh his flesh recovered—"I am healed, thank God!" He said.

Reader! if you've pride and temper, you may find it hard to come—Specially if God calls you to Him through our noisy Army drum; Specially if He'd have you join us—have you wear our uniform, After you are humbled, maybe, "seven times" at the Army form. You may find it hard—but listen! what is easy is not good, And you won't have to surrender one thing more than what you should. Read your Bible; God will show you what He'd have His chosen be; If you'll come to His conditions, He has promised victory!



G. B. M. Secretary J. P. Moore, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Sent in nearly \$50.00 Box-Money for this Quarter.

What Does it Mean?

What does it mean to be holy? It means that I should be dead, Crucified, in truth, with my Saviour, Risen with Him, our Head.

It means a daily cross-bearing. It means that self is denied. But it also means much gladness, For we walk by the Saviour's side.

It means a constant obedience, To all that God tells us to do; To me, it means all this, my comrades. What does it mean, then, to you? Mrs. Pattenden, Lippincott.

BARRE, VT.—Bro. V., to his wife: "I guess the Army is out, by the noise down in the city." Next morning when Bro. V. was going to work, he met one of the comrades and asked about the last night's meeting. "Why, Bro. V., you missed half your life. It beat anything I ever seen, both outside and in." We are sorry to report the death of the wife of Bro. Bell, who is left with two children. The comrades sympathize with him in his sorrow and bereavement. —Zaccheus.

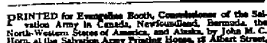
GLACE BAY.—Our S.-D. battle (if it could be called a battle) has been fought and resulted in a glorious victory. It was a complete walk-over. Our target of \$125 was knocked out about the third day of the fight, and at the close of the week we finished up with \$100, giving us \$35 over our target. Our Glace Bay and Dominion friends have done nobly. May God bless them. This is the second S.-D. effort for Capt. and Mrs. Thompson during their stay in G. B., and each time they have gone over their target. The S. A. is a light in G. B., and the people are ready to do anything for the Army, while those comprising it stick to its principles. It was not an uncommon thing for soldiers to receive donations without asking for them, with such remarks as, "Here, take this, I want to help you out," or "Put this down to my credit for S.-D."—Sergt.-Major.

LIFE OF JOHN READ.

An American Staff Officer writes of this biography:

"I never read a biography which stirred the depths of my soul more, or helped to draw me nearer to God. There is nothing in the book tending to eulogize the Regiment, but all the praise and glory is given to his God, alike by his diary and editorials, which is the reason the book has been, and still will be, such blessing and spiritual help to so many—both to those who knew the Regiment and those who knew him not."

"I have lent my book to a friend, who, I fear, is on the verge of discouragement, and I believe it will prove of real spiritual help to him." Almost two thousand of these books have been sent out. Read has only a small number of the first edition, to dispose of. "Who desire the 'Life' must order."



All communications referring to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple.

All communications on matters referring to subscriptions, despatch, and change of address, should be addressed to THE TRAVEL SECRETARIAT, P. O. A. Temple, Toronto.

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There is such a tendency to hurry and rush everything in the Army—and, indeed, there is so much need for it—that we are apt to overlook certain stages of our work, which must be left with God, as only He can do it. Nature teaches this lesson. The farmer breaks up the ground, sows the seed, weeds the field, and reaps the harvest, but the growing he cannot do. He is entirely powerless after the seed is placed in the ground to make it grow; he must wait and trust. So, in our eagerness, we are apt to rush a convert along before he has time to take root, spiritually. We must learn to wait on God. Often in our own souls we need to wait upon God in order to develop spiritually. Once we neglect these seasons of meditation, we become slaves of duty, feverish and fretful, always worrying. Do not neglect waiting upon God, and you will experience the growth that will make you equal to any task that God may give you, without takers and hurrys.

The New York War Cry is to be congratulated upon its new dress. The memorial issue had a very fine frontispiece in three colors, and in future colored frontispieces will be the feature of the New York War Cry. The Commander has put into his printing office a fine press which will print three colors and black, fold and paste, all in one continuous action. May a corresponding increase of circulation attend this new departure, which is only in keeping with the remarkable progress made in the United States under the present leaders, the Consul and Commander.

**Conduct a Successful Week-End at
St. Catharines.**

The Garden City, dressed in its garment of living green, gave the Toronto Contingent a warm and enthusiastic reception on Saturday and Sunday, June 2nd and 3rd. Brigadier Gaskin commanded the brigade, which consisted of the members of the Staff Band. Mrs. Gaskin accompanied us and assisted much in making the week-end a successful one. The trip across the lake on the Lakeside was enjoyed by most all of us, only one member being attacked by the fell monster that gets in his best work when the surface of the deep is agitated, though several fell "white" and longed for land.

The Musical Festival on Saturday night was a good one and on Sunday we were hard at it. We were making

in the afternoon was really excellent, a large crowd assembled and gave us nearly \$9 in the collection. At night the hall was full, and for liberty and soul-down-right conviction, the meeting would be hard to bent. The Brigadier gave a very forceful address, and the hearts of the people were gripped. Four good cases of conversion gladdened our hearts and was a suitable climax to the day's fight. The finances were excellent, and we left the corps away ahead of their ordinary income.

Coming back on the boat on Monday morning, a gentleman requested us to give the passengers some music. This we did, and were agreeably surprised when he volunteered to take up a collection for us. The result was very creditable. \$2.70.



Lord Roberts' rapid advance into the Transvaal territory has been strenuously opposed, with the exception of a spirited resistance near Johannesburg, on May 28th and 29th, resulting in considerable loss to both sides. The British captured 100 prisoners and our garrison Johannesburg, after an armistice of 24 hours, surrendered to Lord Roberts, who has hoisted the Union Jack there.—[An official despatch this morning announces the surrender of Pretoria. President Kruger and the members of the Government have left for Lydenburg, where immense quantities of provisions have been stored, and where the Orange Free State has a strong, strongly-defensive position. Pretoria had been reported to be denuded of troops, and ready for surrender when such was demanded.—]The Orange Free State was formally annexed on May 28th to the British Empire, and renamed Orange River Colony.—[The Orange Free State has been invaded by Ruddle and General Buller, who have had some heavy engagements; the casualties reported were at Senekal, 45 killed and many wounded; near Heilbron, 40 killed and 150 wounded. entions, but it has not succeeded so who were surrounded and captured by the Boers.—]General Buller has moved into the Boers who are strongly entrenched at Laing's Nek.—[There appears to be a determined attempt made to cut General Roberts' communications. But it has not succeeded so far.—]General Baden-Powell is still at Mafeking.—General Hunter is marching eastward, and is now beyond Liangberg, having met with no opposition.

The Canadian Pacific employees have received \$12,093.64 for the Patriotic Relief Fund.—[At Trenton a man who broke into a bicycle shop to steal, was shot and may die.—]—Two boys were drowned at Winapeque while fishing.—[At Brandon a girl of eight years was burned to death while lighting the fire with coal-oil.—]—The capture is reported of a gang of dangerous burglars in Chicago, said to be the men who attempted a bank robbery in Toronto. They are also believed to be responsible for a bank robbery in Canada.—[A dead sixteen years was found in a Mercile while bathing;—]—another young man was drowned at Lake Winnipeg while fishing.—]—The building laborers of Ottawa are out on strike.—[A Montreal milkman was killed while crossing in front of a train.—]—A Hamilton fireman received a fatal shock from a live wire.—]—Rev. Mr. Troop, of Montreal, has resigned, because he could not succeed in obtaining free passage in his private car.—]—A bicyclist ran into a buggy, which caused the shaft to run into his face near the nose, emerging behind the ear.

The horse ran away and carried the man some distance on the shaft.

The French Minister of War, General de Gallifet, is resigning.—The Boxer insurrection, in China, is still very serious, and international troops are guarding Peking.—Seventy-six arrests have been made in Odessa, nineteen in Kieff and twenty-nine in Warsaw, by the secret police of Russia, on charge of sedition.—General MacArthur has sailed for the Philippines.—Three men named Roberts were shot and killed in Texas as the result of an old feud.

Commissioner and Mrs. Lucy Booth-Hellberg rejoice over the advent of a healthy boy, who is to be named Oscar Daniel. May his name be a correct prediction of his future.

Mrs. Major Pickering is very ill. Will our comrades pray for her speedy recovery.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs are also happy over an addition to their family; it is a boy. The mother is doing well. Congratulations.

Capt. Thompson, of Glace Bay, C. B., stole a march on the devil. They raised their S.-D. target and paid in \$160—\$35 over their target—five days before S.-D. started. More power to you, Captain.

Major Hargrave has been ill with the grippie, but is now again well to the front. He is sanguine about the S. D. target.

The Commissioner's East Ontario trip with the Red Crusaders promises to be a huge success. Brigadier Pugmire is enthusiastic about it, and well he may be.

After the delirium of enthusiasm which seized Toronto on May 31st, when Pictorin was reported to be captured, nobody need ever say anything about S. A. excitement. Why, the mustered-hot Salvation Army demonstration pales into insignificance compared with the popular excitement. By the way, have not we a right to be infinitely more enthusiastic over a defeat of hell and the capture of one immortal soul, than the taking of one city?

We are in urgent need of more Candidates for out-and-out, desperate service as officers in the East Ontario and Quebec Province. To a large extent we are at a stand-still because of the scarcity of officers. Truly "the harvest is great and the laborers are few." If we had a dozen more officers we could open up new places, where the Army has never been, and extend the work in a practical way.

and let us have your application right

BRIGADIER PLUMIRE,
4 Richmond Square,
Montreal, Que.

WANTED!—A Christian home for a bright, healthy little girl of seven months. Blue eyes, dark hair. Apply to Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, Temple Toronto.

**"Toward a
Better World."**

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

The Commissioner will spend nineteen days in the Province, and will be accompanied by Colonel Jacobs and the Ceylon Brigade of the Red Crusade. A large tent, accommodating about 1,000 people, has been secured, and we are anticipating record times. There will, of course, be specially-selected singing, and brass and string music; then the Commissioner will also play on her harp and in addition to the above, of course, there will be little Willie and Pearl, who will take active part in most of the gatherings.

COBOURG.—The Commissioner's first meeting will be held at this place on Sunday night, June 17th. The Town Hall has been secured for this special meeting, and of course it will be packed.

Following Colours comes DESERON TO. The Red Crusaders will meet the Commissioner here, and three days camp meetings will be held, on the 20th, 21st and 22nd. The tent will be pitched close beside the present S. A. barracks. Capt. Richmond informs me that the country people around are coming in to these meetings; in fact, contingents from Pieter and Bloomfield will be present.

Next on the list comes KINGSTON Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, June 23rd, 24th, and 25th. The east end of the Cricket Field has been placed at our disposal, and here the tent will be pitched. Now, the Commissioner has had some remarkable meetings in Kingston in days gone by, but these tent meetings will surpass all previous records.

SUNBURY.—The Commissioner and Considerers will pay a flying visit to Sunbury on Tuesday afternoon, June 26th, and conduct a special service in their own barracks. Capt. Gummidge writes: "The people are looking forward to the Commissioner's visit, and we are believing for a great success. The barracks will not be large enough to hold the crowd." Let me give our Sunbury friends a hint: Those who want to hear the Commissioner should be there early.

NAPANEE.—The Crusaders, with the Commissioner at the head, will spend three days at Nanpsee, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, June 27th, 28th, and 29th. A good lot has been secured for the tent, namely, Pollari's Skating Rink. Capt. Stainforth writes: "The Commissioner's visit is the main topic of conversation in the town. The people are delighted with her proposed visit."

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BELLEVILLE.—Three happy days will be spent at Belleville, Sunday, Sunday, and Monday, June 30th, July 1st and 2nd. The lot known as "Hospital Lot" has been secured. Capt. Carter has his arrangements well in hand, and we are believing that quite a number of Belleville sinners will be swept into the Kingdom.

COLBORNE is a stopping-place between Belleville and Port Hope. The Commissioner will do a special meeting here. The Temperance Hall has been secured, and we are relying upon a packed house on the night of July 3rd.

PORT HOPE will be the last place the Commissioner will visit in the East Ontario Province, and will spend three days, namely, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 4th, 5th and 6th. A good lot at the corner of Mill and Peter Sts. near the lake shore has been gratuitously loaned to us. We are sure that the Commissioner will have a grand wind-up to a magnificent campaign.

It is expected that the Commissioner will visit Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville and Cornwall, and perhaps other places in the E. O. P. later on in the season. God bless the Commissioner!—J. E. Pugmire, Brizadler.

"Then was Jesus when He had fasted the tempter came to Him, and made bread. But by every word that came out of the holy city, and said, Thou art the Son of God, casting Thee; and in saying, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again, the tempter said unto Him, If Thou wilt, the kingdoms of the world will I give Thee, if Thou wilt bow down and worship Me. Then said Jesus unto him, Hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and thou shalt serve Him."—Matthew 4:1-11.

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It is a wonder around us, and a blessing to our existence. Christ was here—he suffered here—he conquered death—he conquering the flinch, who goes to his sins because there was Victor over.

Before I pray, you to think a

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Young comes DESERON-
Crusaders will meet the
ere, and three days'
will be held, on the 20th.
The tent will be pitched
preached R. A. barracks.
I informs me that the
round are coming in to
; in fact, contingents
and Bloomfield will be

—//—
ist comes KINGSTON.
ny, and Monday, June
25th. The east
et Field has been placed
and here the tent will
Now, the Commissioner
remarkable meetings in
gone by, but these tent
surpass all previous re-

—//—
The Commissioner and
are a flying visit to Sun-
y afternoon, June 25th.
special service in our own
t. Garamidige writes:
looking forward to the
visit, and we are believ-
success. The barracks
ge enough to hold the
me give our Sanbury
Those who want to
issioner should be there

—//—
The Crusaders, with the
t the head, will spend
Napanee, Wednesday,
Friday, June 27th, 28th.
The lot has been secured
timely. Pollard's Skating
talunth writes: "The
visit is the main topic
in the town. The peo-
pled with her proposed

—//—
E.—Three happy days
at Belleville, Satur-
nd Monday, June 30th,
nd. The lot known as
has been secured. Capt.
arrangements well in
re believing that quite a
Belleville sinners will be
Kingdom.

is a stopping-place be-
and Port Hope. The
will do a special meeting
amperance Hall has been
are are relying upon a
the night of July 3rd.

3 will be the last place
ner will visit in the
Province, and will
ys, namely, Wednesday,
Friday, July 4th, 5th.
sol lot at the corner of
the Rue, near the lake shore
tously loaned to us. We
the Commissioner will
vnd-up to a magnificent

—//—
that the Commissioner
real, Ottawa, Brockville,
and perhaps other places
later on in the season.
Commissioner J. S.
der.



TEMPTATION.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF, MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when the tempter came to Him, he said, If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But He answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy city, and setteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto Him, If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down: for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee; and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus saith unto Him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again, the devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; And saith unto Him, All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."—Matthew iv. 1-10.

WHAT an interesting subject Temptation is. Side by side with the kingdom of Righteousness and Light there seems to be ever a kingdom of darkness and evil. The one assails the other; and though a man may live entirely in the one, the shafts and shots, the influences and attractions of the other, are permitted to assail him. No matter how near to the very Source of Holiness the soul may dwell, or how intimate its union with God, it will not escape the fiery darts of the Wicked One, nor the attacks of his malicious hate. If Purity itself could be a preventative, or Holiness could bring salvation from Temptation, then assuredly Jesus would not have been the subject of this awful visitation. But here is the Son of God Himself assailed by the basest forms of evil.

It is a wonderful and a helpful fact. The experiences of those around us, and of those who have gone on before us, have often been a blessing to our souls. Do not let us miss the blessing from this experience. Christ was tempted—tempted in all points—tempted like as we are—suffered being tempted—and yet without sin. God be praised! He conquered death; but that is sometimes an easy matter compared with conquering the Devil. Many men can look death in the face and never flinch, who go down again and again into the mire of the most degrading sins because they cannot endure when tempted by the Devil. But Jesus was Victor over both.

Before I proceed to consider the second part of the Battle, I want you to think about this fact for a moment.

It was a Real Temptation.

It was not a mere passing before His mind of words or forms or visions. It was a real, hard, cruel conflict, in which He—the man—with the body and mind and soul of a man, had to struggle and wrestle, to resist, to fight, just as we, His followers, must, if we are to overcome. It was because He was human, with human feelings and desires and weaknesses, that He *could* be tempted at all; and it was because He was human that victory could only be had by fighting for it. The servant is not above his lord—you and I will have to fight or we shall fall.

And the Temptation of Jesus was Searching.

The Devil left no stone unturned. He tried first His bodily appetites, and then His heart—the affections and trust and ambitions of the Soul—and when he failed with these then he appealed to the Spirit, the highest part of man, that by which we commune with God, and determine our own lives. It will be just the same with us. If one temptation fails the Enemy will try another. Do not be surprised at anything! He will stick at nothing. But when we are tried, then we shall come forth as gold.

And this Temptation Came by the Devil.

He did not tempt Himself. What made the agony and the conflict was the Devil's insinuation and suggestion, the horrible solicitation to do wrong. He treats the Devil as the Tempter. He calls him Satan, and He commands him to get behind Him. It is one of the strong advantages Jesus had in the conflict, that He recognized His Enemy. It will be a great strength to you, my dear comrades, to attribute to the Devil at once the temptations which assail you as Salvationists. Say to yourself, when first the evil thought comes into your mind, "That is of the Devil." Do not on any account listen to the twaddle which would make it appear

that evil is only an influence around you—it is an influence, perhaps, but it proceeds from that old Serpent. When you are listening to it you are listening to him, when you yield to it you are yielding to the Great Destroyer himself.

And do not be deceived into supposing that suggestions such as these which came to Jesus, suggestions of self-pleasing and self-seeking, can come from any other source than the Devil. In your case they may perhaps come by some human agency—a kind man, or a wise man, or a very good man, but, all the same, they are from the Devil. It is quite true that now he sometimes appears to us as an Angel of light; and, though we may not know him by his wings, and may not discern his hoof, we shall assuredly discover that it is none other than the Great Betrayer himself, when he begins to invite us, in the language of soft and tender care, to come down from the Way of Calvary and the burden of the Cross to the miserable business of taking care of our dear and valuable selves!

And now let us come a little closer still, and watch the second assault of the battle:—

"Then the Devil . . . setteth Him on a pinnacle of the Temple, and said unto Him, If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus said, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

"Cast Thyself Down."

What is this but an invitation to leave the path of obedience, of devotion to duty, and of faithfulness to consecration, and to rely upon God to work such a miracle as will prevent the evil consequences of doing so? Satan's boldness is even greater here than in the appeal to our Lord's bodily necessity. Here He invites Him to abandon the great consecration He had made, and to go on a sort of speculation and see if the Father would not still sustain Him as His Son.

The spirit of this temptation is so similar to that which possesses many of the temptations which assail our officers that it scarcely needs another word of mine to make it plain.

"Cast thyself down," Satan says to the Officer in all sorts of trials—give up the conflict, resign, return your commission—you will still be a child of God—even if you leave the Army you need not leave Him—His promise will be sure—"cast thyself down." There are moments for us all when long times of loneliness, when deep disappointment and depression, when wearing anxiety and distress, when what looks like the failure and desertion of others, when sickness or darkness, one or other of them, or perhaps all of them put together, have weakened our old resolution and interrupted our communion and our prayers, and it is then that the Devil comes near to us as he came to our dear Lord and Master, and says, "You can't go on like this—your vows never included all this—cast thyself down."

What was His answer? "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," or as it might have been written, "Thou shalt not provoke the Lord thy God." The defence gives us a further insight to the attack.

Nothing so Quickly Provokes the Lord as the Breaking of Vows and Forgetting of Covenants.

I think that Salvationists are sometimes disposed to treat their solemn promises made to God and to the Army too lightly—and, alas! alas! I have only too often seen the terrible consequences of provoking Him when they have been broken. Depend upon it, it is better not to vow at all than to vow and not to pay. You cannot promise God your heart, your strength, your gifts, your life, your all, and then go back upon it for any reason whatever without angering Him. You cannot climb up on to the Highway of Duty and Devotion, and then cast yourself down under the spell of some sorrow or suffering or disappointment without running the risk of bringing down upon you and yours the awful judgments of the God you have thus provoked.

Do not misunderstand me. All sin is tempting to God, especially the sin of Presumption—the going up to the edge of the precipice of evil, and looking over, or venturing to touch the unclean thing, or to dabble with the danger in some sort of vague trust or foolish hope that God will somehow prevent you going further, or make what is sin into no sin. But it seems to me that in a Salvation Soldier it is worse even than all this would be, to yield to the Tempter's word, and go back on ourselves, on our vows in the Articles of War, and our deep and holy resolutions. It would indeed be a casting down—a spiritual suicide—an awful tempting of the Lord our God.

Jesus Christ gives us all a valuable lesson in the use of the Bible in His reply to Satan. "It is written," the Devil said, "He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee"; and Jesus replied, "It is written again, thou shalt not tempt." He shows us by one simple stroke that the Bible is to be used to interpret itself; that truth is a whole, and that the taking of individual passages apart from the great principles of the whole may be destructive of the truth altogether.

I entreat you, my beloved comrades, study and use your Bibles more and more.

(To be continued.)

OUR PACIFIC FORTS.

II.

Rossland, B. C.,
AND THE SALVATION ARMY

By ENSIGN BLOSS.

Rossland is situated away up in the mountains, and each railway, in approaching the town, has to either circle around the mountains, or switch-back, climbing a stiff grade all the way, making the engine puff and snort. In some places you can see the track three times at once, the lowest one being hundreds of feet below you.

The Town.

Rossland is barely five years old, and yet the way the hills and mountains have been leveled down and made into streets would surprise you. No one would think the place so young to look at the nice business blocks and residences, and yet they are only now starting to put up their fine buildings. The Bank of Montreal is an imposing structure of stone and brick, on one of the prominent corners, which would impress one that there must be something of a permanent character in the hills around. Then there is a new Court House and Jail in course of erection, also of brick and stone. There are two very tall buildings which stand out prominent. One notices them as they enter the city by the C. P. R. One of these is the S. A. barracks; it is a fine building, and is our own. The hall holds 600, is lofty, well-ventilated, has a fine platform, and is well finished inside. Above the hall is a set of rooms, nicely finished. These are rented for housekeeping, the rent paying the sinking debt. Below the hall is the J.S. hall, band room, and officers' quarters. The quarters are arranged very nicely, with bath-room, clothes closets, pantry, etc., and furnished very comfortably. Below this again are some more rooms soon to be fitted up and rented. The building being placed on the side of a hill gives them four storeys at one end and two at the other. It is lighted throughout with incandescent electric lights.

The Corps.

The corps is in good condition; the soldiers being a good, solid, godly lot, some of them coming from all parts of the globe. They have a band just commissioned of about twelve members. The Serjt.-Major (Bro. Cameron) was once a Captain in our ranks in Ontario, but through ill-health had to resign; he is a whole-souled, energetic Scotchman, and makes a beautiful leader for the corps. He loves the S. A. and its leaders.

Bro. Bauer, the Treasurer, says that everybody has their fads, and his is to wear one S on his everyday clothes; yet he wears this to the honor and glory of God amongst the business men of the town, his business being Brokerage. He was saved in Australia some seven and a-half years ago, and was Secretary of the Vancouver, B. C., corps for two years.

The corps is officered by Capt. Gooding and Lieut. Long. The former is not very tall in stature, nevertheless it is made up in energetic leadership. The latter is a big-hearted American, and enjoys the Canadian fight. They work hard for souls, and their efforts have not been unfruitful; amongst the late converts is a whole family—father, mother, girl, and boy. They being musical, are a great help to the corps. The father plays the B flat bass in the band, also a banjo and concertina, the daughter a guitar, and the boy is learning the cornet.

The Mines.

Rossland has suffered a reverse lately, owing to there being a strike in the mines; but things are practically settled in that line now, so that work has resumed and things are picking up. One of the best mines has only lately struck an immensely rich vein, and intends putting in 50 new Jink's Machine Drills, which will give work to 800 more men. Then another mine that has been prac-

tically doing nothing of late, has been purchased by a large syndicate, who, no doubt, will make it a thriving concern. There is at present a monthly pay roll amounting to \$1,200, and this is shortly to be doubled. As prosperity increases, may the workers for God increase, until many miners, who spend

their hard-earned money in the saloons and dance halls, be led to our Christ, and become Blood-and-Fire soldiers of the Salvation Army. These "Kootenay" corps testify to the possibility of raising a band of men and women whose interests are the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Soldiers' Tent-Home
Under Fire.

By ADJT. MARY MURRAY.

Two days after my visit to Blaufrange, the camp was shelled. Herewith is an account of what actually took place, from Capt. Ashman, our Salvation Army officer attached to the Second Brigade:

"We have had rather an exciting time. The Boers having had the audacity to shell our camp!"

"On the morning of the 10th, the Sergeant-Major had just poured me out a cup of cocoa, when a shell came not a foot from our tent, and burst among the Indian mules, fortunately doing no damage. Then one went right by our Tent-home, and word reached me:

"Your Tent has Gone!"

I am thankful to say they were mistaken, the shell having only covered the tent with dirt.

"Next, the order came to fall-in, but before it could be carried out a shell went right through a tent, four from us, and took a large piece out of a man's leg, the leg having immediately to be amputated. The West Yorks lost one man and the Naval Brigade two; the latter was a most awful sight, a shell going right through one man and then wounding the other so severely that he died while being taken to the hospital.

"We then lowered the tents and let them lay on the ground, but not before I had packed the lamp and folded the chairs and tables. The men were taken for cover behind a hill. I stayed and packed as much as possible, as I felt sure we would move at night. Got everything on the van. I have a shell that fell not two feet from my tent."

This same tent, I am glad to say, we have been enabled to lend the senior chaplain from time to time to hold communion service in. While writing the above, Capt. Ashman added:

"The tent is full. Without any exaggeration,

Hundreds of Letters are Written per week, an average of over a hundred per day.

"We are still working up and down the line, besides driving out to the various camps. I spent a very enjoyable afternoon the other day visiting the Leicester camp, at the foot of Lombard's Kop. Christians gathered round, one dear comrade providing cocoa and biscuits, and giving ten shillings towards the work, as his tenth to the Lord. Several others, in spite of my protests, insisted on helping.

From One of Our Corps Cadets.

Bloufontein.
Orange Free State.
April 23rd, 1900.

Dear Editor.—Knowing how our comrades look forward to news from South Africa, I am sending a group photo of Military League members taken here. The majority of whom belong to the Worcester Regiment, who left Bermuda in November last. It has been somewhat difficult to gather notes of the corps, yet I send a few, hoping they will be useful. If you see fit to publish the picture. Views of Bloufontein cannot be got.

Bloufontein corps, half English and half Dutch, before the war, had from twenty to thirty soldiers. The hall is an elegant structure, the foundation-stone of which was laid by President Steyn, to the glory of God, on Nov. 15, 1898. On the outbreak of hostilities Capt. and Mrs. Kounan, the C. O.'s left for Cape Colony, leaving Cadet Heiton in charge, but he being commandeered to fight, the corps was closed. Cadet Heiton, fighting with General Cronje's force, was taken prisoner when that force surrendered to General Roberts, and is now a prisoner. Captain Van Donselzen, a former officer of the corps, having been commandeered, was killed in action at Modder River. On March 13th, Lord Roberts, with British troops entered and took over the town. Traveling with General Gurnee's column was Capt.

MEMBERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE IN FRONT OF BLOEMFONTEIN BARRACKS.



Pte. Stone, Gloucester Regt. Pte. Clarke, Worcester Regt. H. R. Johnson, Worcester Regt. Pte. Wilson, U. Y. M. R. Sgt. Iwason, U. Y. M. R.
Pte. Davey, Capt. Anderson, Lieut. Warwick, R. A. Pte. Kilminster, Worcester Regt. Pte. Lamb, Pte. Woolthorne, Worcester Regt. Worcester Regt.



Lieut. Donaldson,
Promoted to Ology on May 13th, 1897, 1 on the home 1 first paralia Toronto.

Anderson and Lieut. Warwick, Salvation Army, carrying the old Army flag, and helping the troops with assistance to wounded, they having been under fire in the engagement of Eysfontein and Bethulo. They arrived a Bloemfontein March 23rd, and took over the hall, commanding the drum and bag. Helped by the League members, meetings have been held since. God has blessed us and souls have been saved in our meetings; some are men who have been fighting against us, but have now laid down their arms. God enables us to preach salvation to them, and we trust to get them saved. Praise God! Your Worcester boys are still nicely saved, though we have lost some of our comrades, yet we shall meet in glory.

The photo is unique, being taken in active service. Trusting you will be able to make something of the glory of God from this scribbling and photo. Believe me, yours in the war for souls,
Harry E. Johnson, Corps-Cadet,
Worcester Regiment.
*Bro. Adams, died enteric fever; Bro. Knight and Walker, wounded.

P.S.—It is possible our return, after the war, may be England, then continue Colonial Tour.—H. E. J.

A Novel Battle in Fiji.

"I have often heard the people tell of the time when all Ono became Christian. About half the people had embraced Christianity, but the other half were bitterly opposed to it, and determined to make the converts abandon it. The Christians were at last compelled to build a fence for their own protection, and there the heathen besieged them. Their food being all gone, they determined to rush out, and, if possible, break through the ranks of the heathen, trusting in God to help and deliver them. When the gates were thrown open, and they sallied forth, the heathen fled to a fortification in the mountains. The Christians followed and entered the fort close behind their enemies. But, instead of striking them down with club and spear, each one seized a heathen and pleaded with him to become a Christian at once, until he prevailed, and then they all went together to the large church and called upon the name of the Lord. Thus heathenism was stamped out in Ono."

Thought.

Have you ever thanked God for thought? Independent thought, with which none can interfere. Thought that may not be mapped out and regulated by others. It is a precious possession, a God-ordained, God-given, God-kept ability to think holy and beautiful thoughts when we may not speak them. The world may close the lips, it cannot close the mind; it cannot hinder the flight of the soul—it stifles and suppresses many things, shutting off from noble actions and Christ-like deeds where possible, but the world is powerless; it can never rob the mind of true, pure thought. It is the gift of God to lonely souls. A joy that no man taketh from you. Use it rightly, and thank God for the blessed privilege.

NEW P



BRIG

MUSGRAVE night, in spite of nice crowd as Army wedding. Musgrave Tower by Ensign Spence Snow, securely the Treasurer of or, and Sister St. The Ensign had of council, Lieut. side. Then the called upon to after which the spoke of her d. God and souls, telling of God's from sin, and more than ever. —Yours to help.

HARE BA had a visit which proved all. On the 14th day Wedd first that has in This transaction citement. Or decorated with f skins. After formed, the bride the residence of a beautiful tea occasion. The table, and chat was Self- feeling box was occupied the bride responded to ve was reached two for the effort t started a new b a two-day purp and day-school.

TILT COVER.

we can shout vi Our banquet r half of which w of the officers, a towards fixing n Everything at t and beautiful. testimony meeti "I mean to be a descends." W chorus three tin up from the ce came to the Me we rejoiced over have to enlarge barracks to give verts seating row

CLARK'S HA ing both Juno day, a good day sought and found meeting. One s meeting and was are going in the fident of victory.

WESLEYVILLE valence of dilph closed for the thank God, the our people are co last meetings we collections, War at night, we had by lamp-light.—W fer M. Locke, C

OLD PERLIC fully blessed and ing here alone on Sunday, spie meetings all the a poor wanderer ed. Four souls Never in my life fighting for Chris I do at the pre weeks I have be helped me to se week, hold a s- now started a N-

NEWFOUNDLAND
PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER SHARP.

MUSGRAVE TOWN.—On Tuesday night, in spite of the wind and rain, a nice crowd assembled to see the first Army wedding that had taken place in Musgrave Town. After the second song, by Ensign Spradling, the D. O., Ensign Snow, securely tied the knot which made the Treasurer of the corps, Simon Reader, and Sister Susie Diamond, one. After the Ensign had given them a few words of counsel, Lieut. L. Hebditch sang a solo. Then the likely Candidates were called upon to give their experience. After which the bride, in a few words, spoke of her determination to live for God and souls. The groom followed, telling of God's goodness in saving him from sin, and that his life should be more than ever devoted to God's service. —Yours to help, J. Greenhand, Capt.

HARBOR BAY.—We have just had a visit from Ensign Brown, which proved a blessing to us all. On Thursday night a Hallelujah Wedding took place, the first that has been seen in this place. This transaction caused quite an excitement. Our hall was beautifully decorated with furs—fox, lynx, and other skins. After the ceremony was performed, the bride party proceeded to the residence of Mr. Samuel Collins, a beautiful tea being provided for the occasion. The writer was present at the table, and the chief topic of the chat was Self-Denial. The S.D. collecting box was passed to those who occupied the different tables, which we responded to very liberally. Our target was reached two weeks before the date for the effort to start. We have also started a new building, which will serve a two-fold purpose—a Senior barracks and day-school.—G. H. Sparks, Lieut.

TILT COVE.—Since the Siege closed we can show victory over twenty souls. Our banquet raised the sum of \$54, half of which went towards the support of the officers, and the other part went towards fixing up the officers' quarters. Everything at the present looks bright and beautiful. On Sunday night the testimony meeting opened by singing, "I mean to be ready when the Judge descends." We had only sung the chorus three times when a sister rose up from the centre of the barracks and came to the Mercy Seat. At the close we rejoiced over eight souls. We shall have to enlarge the platform in the barracks to give the soldiers and converts seating room.—L. Smart, R. C.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—God is blessing both Junior and Senior work. Sunday, a good day. Two precious souls sought and found salvation in the night meeting. One sister attended following meeting and was the first to testify. We are going in the S.D. effort feeling confident of victory.—Lieut. S. McWilliam.

WESLEYVILLE.—Owing to the prevalence of diphtheria, our barracks was closed for the last two months, but, thank God, the door is open now, and our people are coming back. On Sunday last meetings went with a swing. Good collections, War Cry all sold out, and at night, we had a casting-out of devils by lamp-light.—W. D. Sainsbury, Treas., for M. Locke, Capt.

OLD PERILICAN.—God has wonderfully blessed and helped me while fighting here alone. We had good meetings on Sunday, splendid crowds. Great meetings all the week, and last night a poor wanderer from salvation retraced. Four souls saved since last report. Never in my life did I feel more like fighting for Christ and dying souls than I do at the present. The last seven weeks I have been alone, but God has helped me to sell my War Cry each week, hold a number of open-air, and now started S.D.—Lieut. M. Noel.

EXPLOITS.—Sunday night two found the Saviour ready to heal all their backslidings. Tuesday, a banquet, which was a crowning time. Our D. O., Ensign Cooper, and Capt. Ford with us. A splendid Wednesday night, when Bro. and Sister Barnes were united as man and wife. The meeting was enjoyed by all present, and especially when the Ensign told us of the beautiful wife God had given him. He was a long time praying, but after nine months he got the blessing.—Amelia Newell, Capt.

BRIGUS.—Since last report two soldiers added to the roll. We had a banquet on Thursday and raised \$13, which we thank the kind friends of Brigus for. Our S.D. target is struck.—D. Moulton.

A New Opening.
BLACK ISLAND, Nfld.—This is a new opening. After battling away for six months under great difficulties, holding cottage meetings, we can report victory. A number of souls have professed salvation, and some have taken their stand as Blood-and-Fire soldiers. We also have a new barracks built here this winter by the comrades, although there are only three men among them, but they found lumber and did the work. We opened the barracks on May 10th by a banquet. We had with us our D. O., Ensign Cooper, and a number of officers from the different corps in the District. Everyone seemed delighted. After the tea tables were cleared away, we had a march and a meeting inside led by Ensign Cooper. The testimony meeting was something grand. Capt. Howell gave us an excellent lecture from Rev. iv. chapter. Ensign Cooper drew in the net. A backslider of two years returned. The meeting finished with a hallelujah wind-up.

OLD PERILICAN.—We have with us here Lieut. Noel. She has been with us four months. The last eight weeks she has been working alone. God has wonderfully blessed her. Splendid meetings and souls getting saved. On Tuesday last Lieutenant left here at 4 o'clock in the morning, went nine miles by boat, sold 23 War Cry, visited the people, walked five miles, then came home and led a meeting and finished with a hallelujah wind-up.

TRITON, Nfld.—Since last report we have had some very interesting times. Monday night we had with us our D. O., Ensign Gosling, and also Capt. Jones, from Pilley's Island. Their visit was enjoyed by all. At the close of our meeting two came forward and knelt at the Cross.—M. J. L.

LITTLE BAY.—Sunday was a special time. Knee-drill attendance was double the usual number. Holiness meeting a heart-searching time. Open-air, a real engagement with the enemy; left them wounded and groaning. Afternoon, a record-breaker, when the Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Warren presented their little girl to God and the Army. Night meeting closed after a severe battle; one prisoner. Monday, outpost, meeting a hallelujah. —Yours on the front of S.D., A. C. Trank, C. O.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.



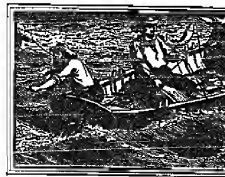
MAJOR SOUTHALL.

LETHBRIDGE.—This corps, although silent at times in the columns of the Cry, is still progressing and marching on to victory. The 24th here was celebrated in grand style by the loyal citizens, but by the few chosen ones of God's peculiar people, a right royal time was spent. Ice cream and cake were served all day at the barracks, and at night a musical demonstration was held, with ice cream at the close. About \$35 was raised in this way on behalf of our new barracks, which is now being pushed for an opening by July 1st. Our S.

D. target, ere this appears, we pray will be accomplished for the further extension of the Lord's work.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

MOOSE JAW.—There are souls here deeply convicted; we believe they will soon yield. Self-Denial plans all laid, everybody to work, sure to smash the target all to pieces.—Tom Scott, Soldier.

VALLBY CITY.—We are again encouraged. Souls are being blessed with fuller light and greater courage in the work. Though few in number, as a corps, we have Gideon's God with victory. Yesterday another soul came forward for renewal and blessing. Others are convicted. Open-air meetings are largely attended by attentive listeners—sometimes two held on the same evening on different streets. Finances good, War Cry nearly all sold.—A Soldier, for Capt. and Mrs. Wilkins.

EASTERN
PROVINCE.

MAJOR PICKERING.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.—Ensign Graham, our D. O., with us Saturday night and all day Sunday. We had a beautiful time. Our S.D. war ship is launched on the Sea of Generosity, and by the sound of the big guns, we expect to see the target smashed all to pieces.—N. F. Ting.

LIVERPOOL.—We had a visit from Ensign Dodge for a week-end. His visit was very much appreciated by all, for it is not very often we have a special around these borders. S.D. is upon us again. Officers not well physically, but in for doing their best.—One of the Crowd.

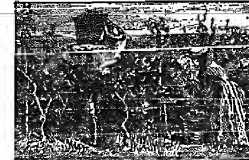
KENTVILLE, N. S.—S.D. is just getting nicely on the wing; of course we won't crow until we are safely perched on top. Sister Myles says Wolfville is all right. Bro. Dykens "keeps on saying nothing," but he can do the work that counts. Sister Mory would do almost anything but sell her bonnet. The first with pan out well. Mrs. Jess is on the warpath down there.—A. Jess.

BEAR RIVER, N. S.—The Lord is still leading His soldiers, and we are putting forth our best endeavors for the advancement of the cause we have at heart. We have every prospect of success. Self-Denial is all the rage here now. Captain has about half the amount of target, and the week has only begun. Everybody is glad to help in this grand effort. Amen! Souls are coming to Jesus. This week proved His power.—Hutt and Chandler, C. O's, per Secretary.

NORTH HEAD.—Our meetings are well attended and the people are getting interested. We are believing to see a grand work done here. We had with us for a week-end Benign Andrews, the friend of Lazarus. The views he showed were beautiful; people well pleased with them. We give the Ensign a hearty welcome this way again. Finances and crowds good.—J. A. D.

BUTTE.—Three precious souls since last report. One man was so tired of a sinful life that he had almost decided to end it by committing suicide, but he came to the Fountain of Life, got saved, and is doing well. Self-Denial is close on us again and we are in for victory.—R. P., Reg Cor.

TILSONBURG.—Last night being the 24th of May, we held three open-air meetings. Big crowds and good collections. We had the joy of seeing a poor drunkard kneel at the drum-head. Capt. Mathers, Lieut. Carley, Sergt. Yeomans, and a number of the comrades from Norwich came over to assist us.—L. K.

CENTRAL ONTARIO
PROVINCE.

MAJOR TURNER ASST. P.O.

COLLINGWOOD.—Ensign Burrows with us for special meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday. Welcomed two backsliders to the Shepherd's fold on Sunday. Self-Denial fever is raging.—J. M. McCann, Capt.

YORKVILLE.—Sunday night the devil was driven from the hearts of three precious comrades in the Red Lion Hall. Hallelujah! The Self-Denial effort is being pushed forward to a glorious victory by our devoted comrades.—Lieut. E. Calvert.

NEWMARKET.—Since last writing we have to report three sinners returned to the fold, and one out for sanctification. The Juniors are also marching along favorably, the average attendance has kept up very well.—Aux.

PAINTERSTON.—Major McMillan and Staff-Capt. Phillips spent the week-end with us, and God indeed made them a blessing to us. Saturday night, our crowd seemed small, but our expectations for the morning ran high, and we were not disappointed. Knee-drill, 20 present. Major leading on: good time. At 11 o'clock we had our company meeting, and our P. O. and Chancellor spoke to the children. The afternoon meeting was good. Major spoke on "The unspeakable riches of God's grace," and God helped him. Some laughed, some cried, and nine souls knelt at the penitent form asking for more of God. At night we felt God very near, and sinners' hearts were pierced by the arrows of truth. We closed by singing, "God be with you till we meet again."—Fred Barrow, Capt.

CHESLEY.—While many professing Christians found time to amuse themselves by watching the different games and amusements on the 24th of May, an Army open-air meeting was formed on the main street, and while the first song was sung a large number gathered. For one hour and a-half the crowd was held face to face with the realities of life and death, heaven and hell. At night, amid the rattle and din, and fire crackers by the dozen, that were being hurled at the ring, the heart of a backslider was touched, who followed to the barracks and gave God his heart, put his tobacco in the stove, and went his way rejoicing.—Capt. Poole.

RIVERSIDE.—Monday last everyone was on the tip-toe of expectation, when the twelve Corps Cadets, in sailor costume, with Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton piloting, and the band playing, came marching down Brondview Ave. Such a crowd of children as followed that procession! Men and women stood in every direction looking. A crowd came and filled the hall. The Hallelujah Orchestra gave several selections, while the Corps-Cadets went through the lifeboat service. Adit. Adams read a suitable portion of Scripture. Mrs. Stanton gave one of her famous readings. The solos and recitations given by the Cadets were appropriate and well rendered. Thursday, May 24th, after a rousing open-air a number followed to the barracks. One of them, a man with a bad heart, came and got his heart cleansed and his life made happy. Sunday, Major Collier led us on throughout the day. We sang all day long, on street and in hall, "Bring Him thy arrow," until one young man said, "I will bring Him mine." The Major, in the night meeting spoke on "Idols," and this young fellow took two new plugs of tobacco and a new pipe from his pockets, and gave up the idols, and then came to the true and living God. It was through reading the War Cry, and seeing the name of his sister, who is a Salvationist, that brought him to Jesus.—N. R. T.



The General's Manchester Campaign finished splendidly. The Free Trade Hall was crowded, the Lord Mayor in the chair.

The Chief of Staff had a splendid day at Glasgow with the Local Officers. Sixty-two re-consecrated themselves for more earnest work at the night meeting in the Upper St. Andrew's Hall.

The General has published a new Catechism, or Dictionary, for Salvation Army children.

Brigadier Noyce is jubilant over the opening of two new sections in the Village War—Ironbridge and Maidstone. He regards the villages as gold mines of opportunities, but laments the lack of men and means for soul-saving and the extension of the Salvation Army in these outlying districts.

Commissioner Coombs was delighted with his recent visit to Wandsworth; beside a packed building, he had twenty-eight souls, and twenty-eight shillings collection.

The General took tea with the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayors, when in Manchester, and, in return, invited his host and hostess to visit the Industrial Land Colony. On the platform, the General was inspired by the presence of a crowd of old friends.

Colonel Barker escorted a party of students from the Reading Circle of the Polytechnic Institution to the Farm Colony on a recent Saturday. All expressed themselves delighted with the visit, and over the tea-table subscribed a nice sum on behalf of the Colony Reading Room. A report has since been published in their own magazine.

The editor of a leading weekly paper frequently calls on Colonel Barker with books and magazines to cheer our friends and colonists in their hours of relaxation.



The General has appointed Commissioner Ridsdal to the command of Norway, in succession to Commissioner Ouchterlony. The Commissioner is well-known throughout the ranks of the Salvation Army. He is an officer of over twenty-five years' standing, and, in addition, to holding British appointments, ranking from a Captaincy of a corps to the direction of a Province, the Commis-

sioner has had the Territorial command of our forces in Sweden, followed by the Commissionership of South Africa.

Commissioner Ouchterlony is now in the North of Norway, on her farewell tour, and arrangements have been made for a final demonstration in the great Tivoli at Christiania, where she will wind up her six years' command in Norway, appreciated by all who know the difficulties and victories which have attended her leadership. The Commissioner, on leaving Norway, will take a well-earned and much-needed rest.



Commissioner Kilber has been suffering with his eyes, and advised to seek medical advice in Kimberley. The Commissioner was unable to fulfil all his engagements, but managed to carry out the program for the Social gathering as announced.

Commissioner Railton has arrived in East London, and from thence proceeded to inspect our European and Native operations around King William's Town and district. These visits have brought blessings and encouragement to our Natal and Zululand comrades.

Capt. Hooper is down with enteric fever in hospital in Cradock. The latest news concerning him is that he is progressing favorably.



A party of Indian boys, similar to the party who visited the Exhibition last year, are being got ready to visit Australia. The 250 orphans gathered from the recent famine are now located in our Industrial Schools in various parts of India.

Three more Village Brotherhood Bunkies have been opened among the Telugus, and two more in Travancore.

She was an Indian officer—that is, a white woman who had consecrated herself to God and the Salvation Army for the salvation of India—and she sat in her hut with her head on her hands and tears in her heart. So many weeks of prayer and teaching, and never a soul among the brown villagers had yielded to Christ!

Just then a lean Hindu sat himself down at the door. He was the wicked man of the village. What did he want?

He showed her a swollen foot that nobody could cure. For this he had

come to the Mukhtauf. The Bai would heal it, of course?

The officer saw that a thorn had become imbedded in the flesh, and said, "Go, wash your foot, and return again, my brother." He went and came, sitting patiently whilst she tried to probe out the cause of the wound. "I cannot," said the white woman, hesitating. Then the memory of the servant-master came, and she bent her head to the foot and pulled out the thorn with her teeth.

He was a low-caste man, and marvelled at her. Of a truth her religion must be good! She had gained his ear and heart for the real God, and he was her first Indian soul.

Odds and Ends.

A lance-corporal has written to Colonel Stitt, from South Africa, because, he says, he has neither relative nor friend in the wide world but the Salvation Army, though he would very much like someone to write to, like his comrades, and is sure the Salvation Army will forgive him the liberty, seeing how much it has done for utter strangers. He got saved through listening to the earnest prayers of Commissioner Kilber, at East London, and should his life be spared, intends being enrolled in the Salvation Army on his return to England. Every soldier has to sign a document making over his money, effects, etc., to his next-of-kin. As our comrade has no friends, he has made over all his possessions to the Salvation Army, and in conclusion says: "I owe all my courage and cheerfulness to them, and shall ever thank God for them, and pray for their success."

In response to the musical composition in the Local Officer, for a prize to be awarded to the best tune written to the words, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," some forty compositions are to hand, ten from handmasters, the remainder from band-sergeants and bandmen—many of them first attempts at melody. The result on the whole is most satisfactory, and speaks well for the Salvation Army music of the future. The prize is to be divided between Randsman Munday, of Hastings L., and Randsman Broughton, of Brixton.

While the Icehouse Corps (Hull) were holding their open-air not long since, a Russian lady and gentleman stood by the ring side much interested. Ensign Iverson asked the Secretary to go and explain the Army to them, and invite them to the inside meeting. They came, and the lady, in broken English asked, "What is this? We have nothing like this in my country; it makes me feel so nice," and patting her breast said, "It makes me feel here like as if I had been drinking good wine."

In order that the poorest officers may have some suitable and comfortable furniture in their quarters, Commandant Herbert Booth has instituted a Furnishing Fund, to which friends and corps in happier circumstances have been invited to subscribe.

Practical godliness means not only doing something, but doing our best under all circumstances.

FROM OUR INDIAN MISSIONARIES.

Ensign Thorildson and myself arrived back from our visit to Victoria and other places on the 8th inst. We stayed two days in Port Simpson, enrolled two soldiers, and as only a very few people were at home, we went to Port Essington. This is a busy fishing village on the Strama River. A lot of the Indians are already here, but many more will come when the sockeye run commences. At the present time they are fishing the spring and silver salmon. We had very good crowds on Sunday, with one soul saved at night.

I had the pleasure of presenting the colors to the corps at Port Essington. Our Sergt-Major, from Simpson, sang a song in English, and Ensign Thorildson sang a chorus in Kitchikan; the Indians clapped him. His people have arrived down for the fishing season, and the gripe is very busy with them. We buried one little baby, a pretty little child. The poor mother felt the blow much. May God bless and comfort the sorrowing parents. We are expecting a good time this summer among the Indians.—Rollt. Smith, Adjt.

PRAYERS I DON'T LIKE.

I do not like to hear him pray
Who loans at twenty-five per cent.
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed for food or rent.
And in the Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be best,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, "Take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
On headed knee about an hour
For "grace to spend alight the day."
Who knows his neighbor has no fear.
I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy the lawless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray
"Let blessings on the widow be."
Who never seeks her home to say."
"If want o'ertake you, come to me."
I hate the prayer so long and loud,
That's offered for the orphan's weal
By him who sees him crushed by wrong.
And only with his lips does feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled hand and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day.
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious "sisters" I despise!
With folded hands, and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel cries."
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers—
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven:
No angel's wing them upward bears:
They're lost a million miles from heaven.
—Treble Board.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, answering his critics, says: "I will allow no man to go beyond me in reverence for Jesus Christ. Whom I honor and love more than I honor and love any being ever born into the world. But I wish to utter my tremendous protest against the attempt to keep Jesus out of daily human life on the plea that it is sacrilegious to bring Him into it. The real sacrifice consists in not letting Jesus into daily life."

VIEWS OF THE S. A. WORK IN BLUEFIELDS, JAMAICA.



S. A. Barracks (Unfinished).

Brigadier Rolfe and Some Soldiers.

Officers' Quarters.

FROM

Lee-Sergt.

(ords) writes

front:

"As yet I have not met any officers here, I march from the State to Bloomsbury, but it is not there who arm of Jesus always found not needed it, not more Christ feel quite lost, my being the may rest assured best to make arrangements that there a regiment again."

An interesting

Pte. Lamb (2nd)

to Bloomsbury

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Corpl. Marlow

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DIAN MISSIONARIES.

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at home, we went to
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Kecena River. A lot of
already here, but many
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—Trestle Board.

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p Jesus out of daily human
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quarters.

FROM CAMP.

Lee-Sergt. Nixon (2nd North Staf-
fords) writes very cheerfully from the
front:

"As yet I have not had the pleasure
of meeting any of the Salvation Army
officers here, but we have been on the
march from Belmont through the Free
State to Bloemfontein. Of course the
continual marching has not always been
nice, but it has been much nicer for me
than those who have not had the strong
arm of Jesus to lean on, for I have
always found it there when I have
most needed it. I am sorry there are
not more Christians in my regiment, I
feel quite lost at times when I think of
my being the only Leaguer; but you
may rest assured I am doing my level
best to make no increase, and am believ-
ing that there will be before I leave the
regiment again."

VVV

An interesting letter is to hand from
Pte. Lamb (2nd Worcesters):

"I think we marched about 150 miles
to Bloemfontein, and when we got there
whom should we see but Bro. Davey
come to meet us as we marched in, to
give us a little surprise. I was as happy
as if someone had told me I was going
home tomorrow, to see Davey come in
camp again with us! He was dressed in
civilian's clothes that the Boers had
given him. He told us about Bro. Barle
going up to Pretoria as a prisoner."

"When we got to Bloemfontein we
were not long before we found the bar-
racks out, and the officers, Capt. Ander-
son and Lieut. Warwick. We soon
re-opened the barracks by storm; the
Worcester lads were the first in, and
one Glover, one Sergeant of the Black
Watch, and another."

"We call it the 'Worcester lads' bar-
racks,' because we were the first in
after the war in the Free State. One
Salvation lads turned up, and two men
came and gave themselves to God."

VVV

Pte. Davey adds:
"I can't send my League pass in as it
fell into the hands of the Boers. The
Salvation Army of occupation had its
photo taken yesterday, for we have
'commandered' our old barracks,
a flag, a drum, and a broken viola.
Then we had a tea together with a nice
little meeting, and two men got saved
since."

"When I was captured by the Boers
I had Army ribbons sewed on my tunic,
and as they looked at it one asked if I
had been in action before. I said, 'No,
that is Salvation Army!' He said,
'Oh-h-h!' It seemed to give him some-
thing to think about."

VVV

From our Black Watch comrades
comes good news. Ptes. Kinghorn and
Scott both write of God's goodness.
The latter says:-

"Since I was wounded I have realized
much more of the presence of God in
my hungry soul. The God Who always
hondeeth His own has answered my
prayers. When I got moved I began to
pray for every man in my tent, particu-
larly for three. I had prayed for two
days when God answered part of my
prayer by bringing my bed-chamber to
Himself. He left shortly after, with
one of the others. I followed them to
the regiment with a note, and hung on
to God for the third. On Saturday
night after the meeting he came and
told me he had decided to serve Christ.
My heart did dance for joy!"

VVV

Very few details are to hand concern-
ing the death of any of our Leaguers
of late. Comrades who can supply them
are urgently asked to do so. Adjutant
Murray writes:-Pte. Armstrong (2d
Irish Fusiliers) was shot on February
27th. Just before it he said to a com-
rade, 'I feel as safe here as in old Ire-
land. Jesus is with me!' He was
killed instantly. Those who knew Arm-
strong best can testify that he lived as
a Christian should—faithfully, consis-
tently, and for God alone."

VVV

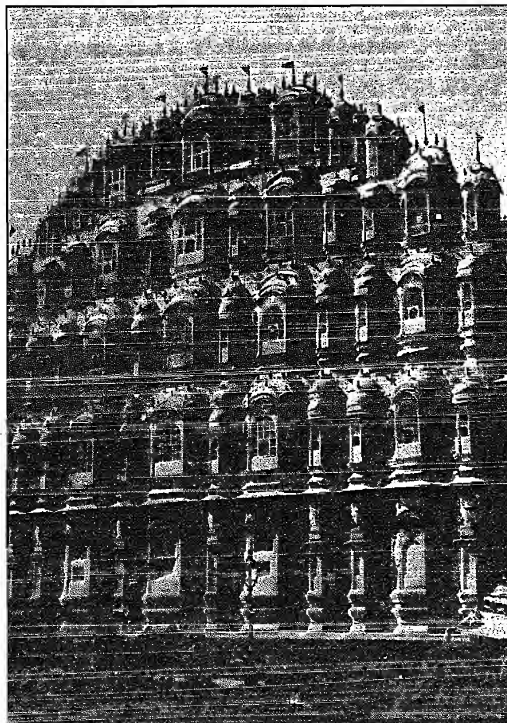
Corpl. Marlow (1st Northampton),
from Allahabad, writes:
"I want to tell you of some of the
victories which I have had. Jesus has

helped me and used me as the means of
souls being converted lately."

"A corporal in my company came to
me one night and said, 'Well, have you
caught any more fish lately?' I answer-
ed, 'Yes!' But he said, 'You were not
fly enough to-night. You caught one to-
night and let him go again!' And I
thought to myself there must be some-
thing wrong with my net! This I do not
doubt intended to play the same game
in my net as he had played before,
but at last he found himself properly
caught and face to face with his God
and repenting of his sin, and at the
fish he was gloriously saved."

"That night one was saved outside the
wash-house, another outside the skittle-
alley. Thank God for open-air con-
versions as well as inside! The Lord's
saying power is anywhere. This is what
we should keep before our Leaguers."—
Under the Colors.

into what Jesus has done for you, and
then to God, that we may all meet on
the happy, golden shores beyond. Prac-
tical religion is what you require—a
doing of the will of God under all cir-
cumstances, and living from day to day
up to your profession, whether it be wet,
cold, or fine weather. Now, let me just
read you a verse from the 15th chapter
of Luke and the 17th verse: 'And when
he came to himself he said: How many
hired servants of my father's have
bread enough and to spare, and I perish
with hunger?' Yes, when the prodigal
came to himself, when he discovered his
deplorable condition, feeling on the
hunks that the swine did eat. Just so
with the sinner, when he discovers his
awful condition in the sight of God;
but the sinner has also a loving and
forgiving Father, Who has plenty and
to spare of just what a sinner needs,
not hanks; and if the sinner will ap-



THE WIND PALACE IN JEYPOOR, INDIA.

CAPTAIN GILLAM FAREWELLS FROM
CARMAN.

On Sunday, May 6th, Capt. Gillam,
of the Salvation Army, declared to the
very large congregation assembled in the
barracks, that he was about to leave.

"Friends and comrades," he said, "I
cannot fully express in words my grati-
tude to you, and my regret for being
obliged to go elsewhere. I thank you
from the bottom of my heart, and for
all for your kind solicitude on our be-
half since our advent to this place. We
were not long here until we learned
that we were amongst a people who
looked with good favor upon the work
of the Salvation Army. Consequently
we entered into the work with cheer-
fulness, and we hope that our efforts
in the cause of Jesus have proved a de-
finite blessing to many souls. I now
invite you earnestly, it may possibly be
the last time, to take up your cross
and follow the Saviour. Oh, let your
mind be likened unto that of Jesus.
This subject is most important in view
of your future state, and I pray you
may engage your thoughts in that direc-
tion. Oh, I trust you may do so with-
out delay! Learn quickly to appre-

proach his Heavenly Father with a
contrite heart, and confess his sins and
wickedness, he will be received with
open arms as was the prodigal son by
his father. Not with a look of wrath
or vengeance, but with a benign and
loving expression of forgiveness and
mercy."

"Have any of you, my friends, through
disobedience or neglect, lost the bless-
ing which once you enjoyed? Is there
one saying, 'Oh, that I were as in
months past!' It may be all joy with
you again, for if you have lost the bless-
ing you will find it where you lost it;
just there and nowhere else. Have you
found the exact point where your obedi-
ence failed? Yield and repent anew
just there. Pick up your obedience
where you dropped it, and there you
may obtain the blessing again, as you
obtained it just there and nowhere else.
Comrades, be faithful to the end.
'When thou thinkest thou standest take
heed lest thou fall.' Be ye strong in
the Lord."—Ed. Miller, Sec.

Let nothing induce us to resume any-
thing, small or great, which we once
clearly saw was not for the glory of
God, or the profit of our own soul.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of
the globe; but send, as far as possible, anti-
strapped women and children, or any one in difficulty.
Address: Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert
St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.
Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray ex-
penses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look
regularly through this column and to notify the
Commissioner if they are able to give any information
about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

BOWEILY, GEORGE. Supposed to
be an Asylum Warden, and owning a
large farm. Any news of him will be
welcomed by English friends. Address
Enquiry, Toronto.

TOTTEL, AGNES (nee Robertson).
Lived for 10 years with James Potter,
Douglas P. O. Last heard of with Miss
Ivan Douglas. Relatives desire some
information as to her whereabouts. Ad-
dress Enquiry, Toronto.

DUNLOP, ALEXANDER. Age 25.
Left Barrie, Ont., for British Columbia
four years ago, and has not been heard
of since. Father is anxious to hear
from or about him. Address Enquiry,
Toronto.

TREVECKS, WILLIAM. Age 22,
height 5 ft. 6 in., blue (weak) eyes,
brown hair, laborer or baker by trade.
Last address known was Milwaukee,
Wis. May be in Alaska. Friends are
Enquiry, Toronto.

BLUETT, DR. W. H. Last heard
from two years ago in Oakland, Cal.,
then preparing to go to Alaska. Very
stout, short, and dark. Weight about
200 lbs. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TILBURY, MRS. ISABELLA. Age
34, height 5 ft. 2 in., fair complexion,
blue eyes, mole on left cheek. Was
in service with Dr. Hentelinson, Mon-
treal, when last heard from. English
friends enquire. Address Enquiry, To-
ronto.

MUGFORD, WILLIAM GEORGE.
Last heard from in Boston, August,
1890. Height 5 ft. 8 in., fair com-
plexion. Parents, at Clark's Beach,
very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toron-
to.

Information wanted of ROSS MA-
DILL, who left home in Uby, Mich.,
September, 1890. Last heard from at
Orlino, Idaho, or Kailispell, Mont., about
December 1st. Age 18 years, blue eyes,
fair complexion, height 5 ft. 9 in.,
weight 145 lbs. Parents very anxious.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

GILGIE, VELAS LAWSON. Last
heard from, May 13th, 1898. Employed
at that time by Glenside Bros. & Gilg-
ie, groceries, boots and shoes, Eldorado,
Iowa. Mother and relatives in England
anxious to hear. Address Enquiry, To-
ronto.

KING, WM. E. Last heard of 12
years ago at Walla Walla, Wash. Mo-
ther anxious.



ENSIGN PERRY, T.F.S.,
In the costume of a Medieval Crusader, in which
he will deliver his Lecture on the Crusades.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Arab Holds the Wreath—Has Nigger any Jewish Blood?—The War Cry a Public Benefactor—Hurrah for the East! Poor Island Colony!—A Long List

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province	91
Central Ontario Province	77
East Ontario Province	73

Well, things are about as they usually are, thanks!

That Arab is "a terror for his size," like our friend Bobs. He doesn't advance, either, to keep up the snail.

I have an idea that there's some Jewish blood in Nigger. He seems to be at ways in the second-hand business. Well, I suppose someone must be second. Can't all be first, of course.

Such notions as "That'll be all right soon," "I don't care if he is bigger than me," and "I'll get there in a quiet, good-natured way," are rather disquieting when they come from the capacious suite of offices where Brigadier Pugmire exercises his veto. (What's that? says the Brigadier. Is it anything like ice cream these hot days?)

Capt. Sitzer has done a brave thing to sell no less than 225 Crys. Hurrah for Woodstock! Mrs. McAmmond comes near with 205. Hurrah for Ire, no, Brantford!

When one thinks of the amazing amount of "good seed" that has been sown in the Ontario Provinces during all these years, by means of millions of War Crys, shall we not gather therefrom that our weekly messenger has had a great deal to do in making the Province, in spite of its failings, famed for its morality and integrity?

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 104	North-West. 49
Pacific 29	
Newfound'd 5	
Klondike ... 2	
Totals .. 104	85

"Well, this is a clutch," says Major Pickering. "I didn't know it was in use!"

In these momentous days of the "Special Edition" "Pretoria Captured" etc., we must not take our eyes off the worthy accomplishments of our Major-General down East. He faces great odds, but they are routed, as a rule.

The Newfoundland Province is going from bad to "bad-er." A groan escapes my lips at the thought of it. I will possess my soul in patience, and keep believing for a great change next week.

The North-West Provincial Hustlers, after all, are not burnt out, in spite of those nasty fires in the Rat Portage District. With pleasure we hail their re-appearance, happy and smiling. 40 Hustlers is not the best they have done, but it's not at all bad, and has the advantage of offering a chance of favorable comparison with what the North-West is going to do.

I might remark that, in length of Honor Roll, the Eastern Province runs away ahead of all the other Provinces. By actual measurement the list reaches the length of four feet.

"What we have we hold," says Arab and the Eastern Star. That remains to be seen, of course.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	225
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford. 205	
Lieut. Smith, London	152
Capt. Howcroft, Strathroy	100
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	109
Ensign Siote, Leamington	100
Capt. McLaughlin, Chatham	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	100
S. M. Bateman, Stratford	95
Lieut. Ringler, Simcoe	94
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	91
Lieut. Malsey, Goderich	90
Capt. Green, Windsor	80
Capt. Williams, Galt	80
Lieut. Knuckie, Galt	80
Capt. Pye, Sarnia	75
Sister Foster, Petrolia	75
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	74
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich	73
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	70
T. as Mrs. Rock, Chatham	70
Lieut. Hunter, St. Thomas	65
Ensign G. G. E. Wallaceburg	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	60
Hanna Burns, Dresden	58
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Berlin	55
Ensign Wakefield, London	54
Lieut. Plant, Wingham	54
Ira Simpson, Guelph	52
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	50
Lieut. Kitcher, Tilsonburg	50
Capt. Jordison, Forest	50
Capt. Wiseman, Listowel	50
Lieut. Bluckell, Sarnia	47
Lieut. Crank, Wingham	47
Mrs. Wakefield, Petrolia	46
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	45
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	45
Capt. Gibson, Paris	45
Capt. Bonney, Wyoming	45
Lieut. Carley, Norwich	44
Mrs. Harris, London	41
Sister McQueen, London	41
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	40
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	40
Capt. Coe, Hespeler	38
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler	38
Sergt. Denning, Hespeler	35
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Sergt. Yeomans, Norwich	35
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	33
Sergt. Palmer, London	32
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	31
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	31
Lieut. Greenbridge, Stratford	31
Capt. Dowell, Seaford	31
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	30
Capt. Haley, Ridgeway	30
Capt. Copeman, Thedford	30
S. M. Jackson, Strathroy	30
Lieut. Beach, Forest	30
Sergt. McGuinn, Blenheim	29
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	25
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex	25
Lieut. Thompson, Bothwell	25
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	24
Lieut. Fennacy, Blenheim	24
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	23
Sister Anderson, Westford	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Lieut. Bishop, Guelph	22
Lieut. Edwards, London	22
Capt. White, Blenheim	21
Capt. Carr, Watford	21
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway	20
Sister Steele, Petrolia	20
Sister Garrison, Petrolia	20
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	20
Bro. Small, Dresden	20
Bro. Christaer, Dresden	20
Badman Fleming, London	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Joe Green, Blenheim	20
Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	20
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	20
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas	20
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas ..	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	155
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	107
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	100
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	76
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	73
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	70
Lieut. McCann, Collingwood	60
P. S. M. Brass, Hamilton I.	60
Lieut. Leggett, Barrie	60
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	57
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	52
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	50
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	50
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	50
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	45
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	45
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	43
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	43
Capt. Stephens, Newmarket	40
Lieut. McLaughlin, Newmarket	40
Capt. Wadde, Peversham	40
Capt. Young, Brooklin	40
Sister Bowcock, Lippincott St.	40
Mrs. Bowbeer, Ligar St.	40
Cand. J. Smith, Midland	40
Capt. Dales, Midland	40
Lieut. Stickle, Pappin St.	37
Capt. Richardson, Barry Sound	37
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt	35
Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	35
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	35
Capt. Stelliker, Riverside	35
Sister Matheson, Lippincott St.	35
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	35
Capt. Tuck, Little Current	35
Bro. Dixon, Temple	33
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	32
Mrs. Bentley, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. Creamer, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. Capper, Kilmount	30
Capt. Christoper, Little Current	30
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	30
Cadet Calvert, Yorkville	28
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Lieut. Liddard, Aurora	27
Lieut. Marskill, Omemee	25
Bro. Martin, Ligar St.	25
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	25
Capt. Connors, Dundas	25
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	25
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	25
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge	25
Capt. Fisher, North Bay	25
Bro. Moore, Lippincott St.	25
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton I.	25
Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton I.	25
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	24
Sergt. Slater, Fenelon Falls	23
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	23
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	22
S. M. Courtemanche, Norland	22
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott	20
Capt. Brant, Omemee	20
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Uxbridge	20
Sister Robinson, Oshawa	20
Capt. Brooks, Oshawa	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	20
Capt. Richmond, Temple	20
Sergt. Currell, Temple	20
Sister Tarrie, Temple	20
Mother Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Sergt. Gee, Hamilton I.	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

13 Hustlers.

Mrs. Barber, Burlington	102
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	140
Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	130
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Picton	125
Sergt-Major Dudley, Ottawa	112

Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Capt. Thompson, Gananoque	96
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	92
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	85
Capt. Crogo, Cobourg	80
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	80
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	80
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	70
Capt. Green, Perth	70
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	63
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	63
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Lieut. Young, Sherbrooke	60
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	60
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	58
Capt. Grose, Prescott	55
Lieut. Hoole, Cobourg	53
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	52
Capt. Owen, Coatslooke	51
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal IV.	50
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II.	50
Ensign Yaceo, Brockville	50
Capt. Vance, Renfrew	49
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	40
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	45
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	41
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	40
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Lieut. Brooks, Kemptonville	40
Capt. Ritcher, Morrisburg	40
Capt. Carter, Belleville	40
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	38
Capt. Burtch, Newport	38
Capt. Welr, Millbrook	37
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield	37
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	35
Capt. Brown, Kemptonville	35
Lieut. Long, Napanee	35
Capt. Stainforth, Napanee	35
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	35
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	35
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	35
Adj. Kendall, Kingston	34
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville	30
Capt. Gammalidge, Sudbury	30
Capt. Munford, Trenton	30
Lieut. Crozier, Trenton	30
Father Duquet, Trenton	30
Ensign Ottaway, Ottawa	27
Capt. Ash, Odessa	25
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	25
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	25
Sister Loeie, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	25
Stephen Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Sergt. Jewel, Picton	25
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	24
Minnie Carol, Burlington	23
Bro. Russell, Millbrook	22
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sister Vacour, Montreal I.	20
Ensign Jones, Tweed	20
Sergt. McKorkel, Ottawa	20
Sister Homer, Millbrook	20
Mrs. Green, Perth	20
Sergt. Butters, Montreal II.	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

104 Hustlers.

Sister Mrs. Hargraves, St. John I.	144
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	125
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	125
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	125
Sergt. Pike, Houlton	125
Capt. Martin, Chatham	118
Cadet Redmond, St. John I.	112
Lieut. Melkie, Campbellton	110
Sergt. E. White, Campbellton	110
D. Long, Yarmouth	100
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	100
N. Flood, Hamilton	100



TOURISTS WILL CONTINUE TO PATRONIZE THE OLD PLACE.

—From a Standard, Conn., Daily.